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KIRKPATRICK SALE
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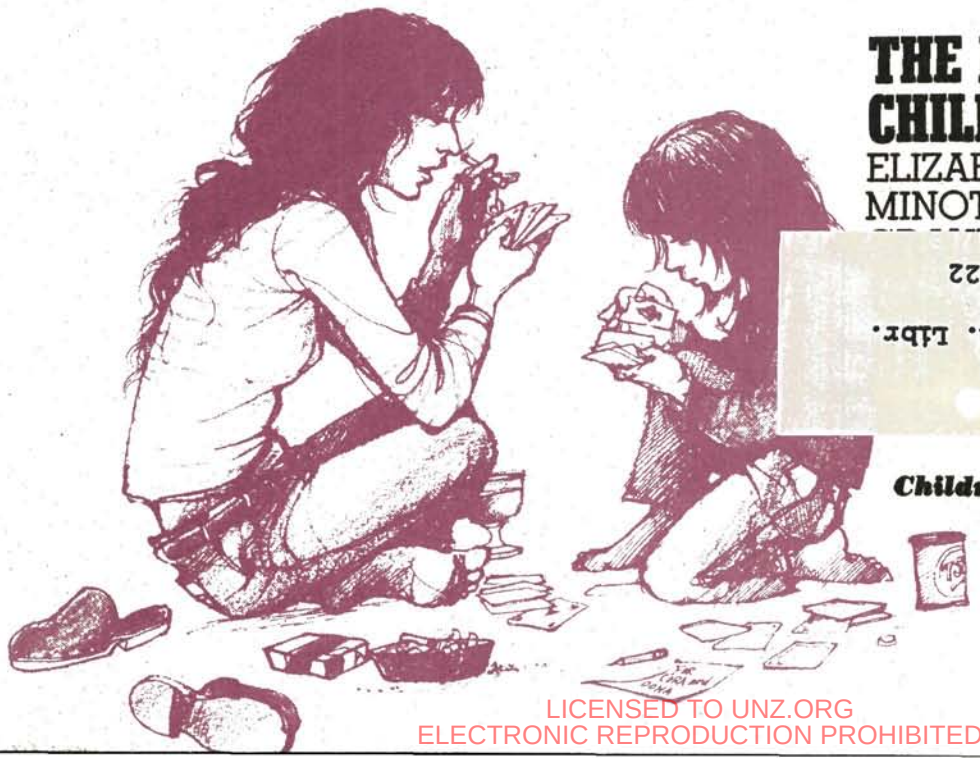
RAPE REALITY, RAPE FANTASY

PHILLIP BERRYMAN
URUGUAY: THE FORMER SWITZERLAND

JOHN COONEY
CLERICAL POLARIZATION IN IRELAND

ALSO: THOMAS POWERS, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.; & BRIAN WICKER on BRITISH CATHOLIC JOURNALS



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NEWS & VIEWS

Nelson's Gambit

Andy Logan speculates in *The New Yorker* on Nelson Rockefeller's private assessment of Gerald Ford's vote-getting capabilities: he's "never made it with any voters except the 200,000 who are registered in the Fifth Michigan Congressional District."

Miss Logan suggests that this explains Rockefeller's break with Ford and his cohorts over the rescuing of the "improvident and iniquitous" New Yorkers—whose situation, she adds, might not be too different from what was meted out to the inhabitants of the city of Phnom Penh, who were "driven out to till the soil" in order to restore their "original purity."

"The explanation of any move by Nelson Rockefeller may seem complex," she sums up, "except when it is recalled that he still has a single goal in mind."

Does the Rockefeller announcement of Nov. 3 negate the Logan thesis? Not necessarily. "It's hard to think that Nelson Rockefeller is going to hang up his spikes," said one observer. Others, equally skeptical, noted that Rockefeller took himself off the Ford ticket, not explicitly out of presidential consideration.

'Plus ca change . . . .'

The 550 diocesan and 500 religious order priests in the St. Louis archdiocese have been served notice by Cardinal Carberry: get a haircut, shave those beards.

Noting that things were getting hairy around the archdiocese, the cardinal dispatched a secret letter to the clergy calling attention to the hair code at the archdiocesan seminary, which he wants followed as a norm.

The letter said: "This code stresses the reasonableness of a fitting hair style with the avoidance of long hair resting on the shoulders as well as lengthy sideburns, beards and mustaches."

No one's figured out yet what to do about those church statues of bearded Christs and Josephs.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, plans proceed apace for the August, 1976, 41st International Eucharistic Congress to be held there in conjunction with the Bicentenary. A "confidential" memorandum from the office of the Diocesan Coordinator instructs on the handling of housing accommodations (emphasis theirs):

"As the completed housing volunteer forms are received, *the pastor,* and his associate pastors, *not his committee,* should confidentially screen each housing offer for suitability and acceptability . . . As the pastor of your parish, we feel that you know your parishioners best and are in the best position for making such a judgment. Those volunteer housing applicants . . . that you feel are unacceptable should simply be disposed of by you with no further mention being made of the offer. There is no need to forward the unacceptable forms to the Parish Committee. The individual home owner whom you deem unacceptable as a host will never learn of your decision. As you will see in *Phase 6* below, the person whose home is accepted, is added to the sum total of rooms available in any parish for allocation by the Congress Housing Bureau. The unaccepted Housing Volunteer will have received an application and a window sticker, and for all intents and purposes will believe himself part of the WELCOME PILGRIM Program. However, he will never receive a House Guest. The informational brochure has prepared him for this possibility by stating: *'It's also possible, depending on the number of pilgrims arriving, that your room may not be used at all.*" Thus, the fewer people, who know about the screening process accomplished during Phase 5, the easier it will be for you, the pastor. . . . ."

And they said Father's power had been diluted.

A Fixed Easter

Pope Paul recently proposed that, beginning in 1977, all Christians celebrate Easter on the Sunday following the second Saturday in April.

The two Armenian Catholicos and the Orthodox Syrian Patriarch of Antioch have responded favorably. The Greek Catholic Synod of Antioch, which had already adopted the principle of celebrating Easter with the Orthodox, has agreed to the proposal.

Following an exchange of delegations, the Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox synods of Lebanon in addition have decided to set up a mixed commission to study together pastoral problems.

Saving the Past

The Society for the Renewal of Christian Art continues its campaign to save Villard Houses, the old Archdiocese of New York chancery, being disposed of to a hotel developer. This, from a Society statement before the Landmarks Preservation Commission:

"The Gold Room [of Villard Houses] is very similar to the barrel-vaulted room used on the cover of the Holy Year Vatican Museum Catalogue. The Vatican Museum has been furnished with a complete new collection of modern religious art financed mostly by patrons in this country. The Vatican officials have no thought of destroying the building that houses their museum, for they are loyal to the Catholic tradition of conservation of the Church's great inheritance from the past. Art in this country must be our responsibility. Let us take care of the aspirational needs of our people so that they can be proud of their American cultural heritage. We have been an 'immigrant church' much too long. Let us work together toward developing artistic standards within our religious culture that are American attainments and expressive of our native genius."

Countespy/LNS

Odds and Ends

—Slip of the bic department: At least seven times in a recent speech in Philadelphia, Ronald Reagan added the word "war" to the words "third world." He wounded detente by explaining, "I've been talking too much about Russia."

—*The New Yorker* picked up the *New York Times* comment: "Bishops are in a strategic position. Many who most ardently welcome women priests feel that they cannot jeopardize the alienation of potential supporters by appearing to uphold activities that might appear to subvert church order." Commented *The New Yorker*: "Tactical prayer will see them through."

—The "Court and Social" calendar in a recent London *Daily Telegraph* had the Queen Mother opening a new teaching block and music rooms at Rickmansworth; Princess Anne attending the finals of the World Cup for Gymnastics; Princess Alice presiding at a meeting of the Queen's Nursing Institute at the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. The Duke of Kent, it added, will be at the dinner of the Gun Makers' Company. . . . And East of Suez they said England was changing.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Nestor Paz

Springfield, Ill.

To the Editors: Another line of interpretation of the Néstor Paz journal (review by Alexander W. Wilde, September 12) might be entertained. From internal evidence, one could conclude that Paz was either seeking death or, in the words of Wilde, the recipient of "a gift of grace." If the former is more accurate, he is simply another case history; if the latter, his personal witness is unintelligible.

But *the situation* of these kinds of actions is amenable to analysis. For example, if social structures and ruling groups are as perverse as radicals claim—and the evidence seems to support this position—then one could argue that revolutionary violence, no matter how successful, cannot be the answer.

Is Néstor Paz something other than another elite youth who has joined the long list of dead guerrillas in almost every nation in Latin America? In order to answer this question, we must focus more directly on the central issue that runs through all these many tragic experiences: the contemporary possibilities of social change in quite specific historical settings. For those of us who are not mystics or revolutionaries, this means careful and painstaking analysis. Thus, the contents of the missing three pages of Paz's diary—presumably containing his critique of the guerrilla adventure—become the crucial element.

LEE HOINACKI
Assoc. Prof. of Political Studies
Sangamon State University

Why Liturgy at All?

New Brunswick, N.J.

To the Editors: Both articles on the liturgy in the August 15th *Commonweal* roused interest and reflection. Both perceptively noted an enervating sickness that afflicts the worshiping com-

(Continued on page 573)

NEWS & VIEWS: 546 **CORRESPONDENCE: 547**
EDITORIAL: 547
POLARIZATION COMES TO IRELAND: *John Cooney* **548**
BRITAIN'S SELECT THREE: *Brian Wicker* **550**
THE FORMER SWITZERLAND: *Phillip Berryman* **551**
RAPE REALITY, RAPE FANTASY: *Peter Steinfels* **554**
THE COWBOY CHALLENGE: *Kirkpatrick Sale* **555**
RECONSIDERING POLYGAMY: *Eugene Hillman* **560**
PRESS: Stop the Presses: *Thomas Powers* **563**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **564**
VERSE: *Ed Hoeppner* **565**; *Jack Lindeman* **562**; *Warren Kliewer* **565**
FEMINIZING CHILDREN'S BOOKS: *Elizabeth Minot Graves* **566**
A SELECTED LIST: *Elizabeth Minot Graves* **567**
ILLUSTRATIONS: *FRONT COVER: Doves, from "Din Dan Don, It's Christmas," Greenwillow, pictures by Janina Domanska; woman and child, from "The Quitting Deal," Viking, illustrations by Trina Schart Hyman*

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A TIME TO DIE

As far as traditional moral theology is concerned, regardless of the court's decision, the answer to "what may be done?" with 21-year-old Karen Quinlan—who, as this is written, lingers in a coma, her life artificially sustained by a respirator—has been clear. The respirator may, and probably should, be removed.

In fact, the now often-repeated consensus of Catholic moralists, which achieved its classic formulation in Pope Pius XII's address to a group of doctors in 1957, that biological life is a limited, relative value which we do not need to protect at all costs, today seems almost embarrassingly and paradoxically direct. It seems in contrast to the church's unyielding opposition to birth control, abortion, suicide and euthanasia; to the medical profession's position that the patient's body is to be kept going at all costs; and to the American cultural assumption that technology must be given its head—as if this new god had stolen the secret of life and death from the old God and now, with its own bag of miracles, holds our destinies in its steel and plastic hands.

More significantly, the church's stand can seem to offset the increased modern sensitivity to the value of human life and the inviolability of the person, as well as our horror at Nazi genocide policies and our unwillingness to let any human agent decide who should live or die, or imply that some lives are more "valuable" than others.

But the church's position on Karen Quinlan, or on any dying person sustained by extraordinary means—means that are very painful, costly, or not really promoting a cure—is not a judgment on the value or "quality" of any particular life. Nor is it a broad policy that applies in the same way to all the twilight areas between full rational consciousness and death. It is a practical moral decision which, like all human actions, retains its moral ambiguity. It is a balance of philosophy, logic, pastoral com-

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passion, common sense, casuistry, and a faith that looks beyond the perishing flesh to a life that continues with God.

To some observers accustomed to living with the mythical miracles of medical technology, it may seem that the church demands too little of its members when it comes to staying alive and that reason has been allowed to win out over moral value. We should acknowledge that the more casuistic elements of the church's ethical system are open to criticism, that moralists can rely on sometimes too deftly drawn distinctions to avoid admitting what the less tutored mind immediately perceives: that when we are so heavily involved in artificially regulating the being-born and dying processes of one another we become ultimately responsible for every step. The line between an action taken to shorten a life and the act mercifully omitted lest death be unnecessarily prolonged becomes so thin as to practically disappear.

Now, there are two Karen Quinlans: the one whose narrowly defined "case" our theology can resolve; and the generalized Karen whose name and fate will be recalled in every hospital ward, in the unborn embryo struggling for life, in the just-born mongoloid child, in the paralyzed old man. She will and should be recalled in the courts, legislatures, universities and churches as we gradually and painfully begin to work out in a context broader than our own moral theology what we mean when we say perhaps too easily that each man has his time to die.

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CLERICAL DISPUTE

POLARIZATION COMES TO IRELAND

The Irish bishops at a "stock-taking" meeting in County Mayo last year felt pleased that in the decade since the Second Vatican Council the church in Ireland had avoided the so-called phenomenon of contestation or polarization that has bedeviled other national churches. Certainly, the record of the past decade appeared substantially to justify their lordships' optimism. One year later, however, the Irish church has witnessed a dispute as intense as that experienced in any other national church. Indeed, on account of the fact that the dispute has taken place in Belfast—the symbol of inter-church division and communal strife—it is of particular concern to Christians elsewhere.

This is particularly so when one of the parties to the dispute, the Rev. Desmond Wilson, Northern Ireland's most popularly known priest, claimed that in resigning from the diocese of Down and Connor over policy disagreement, he felt that the Catholic Church in Belfast had been unable to produce better procedures than those used by the Unionist Party in the days before the present violence in the province. In particular, Father Wilson maintained that the Bishop of Down and Connor, Most Rev. William Philbin, had given priests instructions on how to vote for school committees in a closed-door fashion as undertaken by the Unionist politcians in their anti-Catholic maneuverings.

It was this kind of charge against Bishop Philbin that underlay Father Wilson's terse statement that he had resigned as a priest of the diocese over disagreement with "policies which concern administrative matters, the treatment of people within and outside the Catholic Church, financial policy and the leadership which should be available to the people at this time."

This statement followed a refusal by the bishop of Father Wilson's request to be granted the status of retired priest within the diocese. Ordained 25 years ago, Father Wilson in recent years had been living in a council house in the troubled working-class area of Ballymurphy in Belfast. Over the years, too, it had become no secret that tension existed between the Ballymurphy curate and the diocesan office about the role of the church in Belfast.

When the dispute came out into the open, it was therefore easy for many onlookers to dramatize the affair into a personality clash between Father Wilson, a skilled media communicator, public speaker and writer, and the shy, aloof but powerful Bishop Philbin, and his colleagues Monsignor Patrick Mullalley, the Vicar General, and Canon Padraig Murphy, Father Wilson's parish priest. This impression was to some extent strengthened by the publication of the correspondence between the bishop and the curate—a correspondence which is hair-raising in its portrayal of drastic breakdown in human communication.

Curiously, throughout the correspondence no attempt appeared to have been made by the bishop to elucidate the kind of alternative ministry that Father Wilson wished to pursue in his role of "retired priest." Instead, the reader plows through outpourings of a canon law mentality allied to scribal inquisition in the form of petty charges levied by the bishop against the curate. In the course of the correspondence the bishop withdrew Father Wilson's faculties as a diocesan priest. He refused to meet the priest. Of particular anxiety to Father Wilson was the bishop's claim that he had heard from a priest that Father Wilson had threatened in conversation that "By Christ, if I don't get what I want I have facts and figures which would ruin the church in this diocese,

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and I don't care if I bring the whole church down, or if it's the last thing I do." When asked to submit the name of the priest witness, Bishop Philbin had refused to do so, but had notified Father Wilson that the unnamed priest would testify to the bishop on oath as to the veracity of the quotation. It was with indignation that Father Wilson therefore informed Cardinal Conway: "I feel obliged to refuse to answer further to any such charge because if I do I shall thus countenance a procedure which we have condemned in the Long Kesh (i.e., the Northern Ireland Prison for internees) tribunals, namely taking evidence on oath from unnamed witnesses whom an accused person cannot confront."

Like so many other clerics involved in conflict with immobile and implacable ecclesiastical machinery, Father Wilson had no option but to appeal to public opinion about the justice of his stand. It was with particular anguish that in a newspaper interview he said: "If the church is a sign of something rather than actual life, then we churchmen should have been showing as much kindness as possible in the present situation in Northern Ireland, but in fact what we have been doing is no better than what was accepted as the then political norm in Northern Ireland, a norm which we now all recognize as abnormal."

Basically, therefore the "Wilson Case," like so many other "cases," highlights the unresolved tension in the church about the nature and operation of authority. This becomes of particular significance in Northern Ireland as that province's preoccupations with the need for power-sharing and pluralism are strikingly similar to Vatican II's concern with co-responsibility and with acceptance of different theological outlooks within the church. Arguably, nowhere in the world did the message of Vatican II require more urgent implementation than in Northern Ireland. Catholics there were looking for their civil rights and an end to the discrimination and manipulation practiced by the Unionist Party. If Catholics wished the Protestant ascendancy to accept the rule of fair play, they, too, were under obligation to show in their church practice the virtues which they exhorted others to uphold.

Unfortunately, the recent history of the diocese of Down and Connor does not appear to measure up to the demands of such a criterion. As shown by incidents such as the departure of Mother Teresa's nuns from Ballymurphy, the severe disciplinary treatment of priests and religious and the withholding of the Sacrament of Confirmation from children being sent by their Catholic parents to State schools, the diocese has clung to a legalistic ghetto mentality. This mentality is seen in the use of the authorities of a system of *persona non grata* against persons considered to be deviants from diocesan conformity. This was dramatically instanced in the refusal by Canon Padraig Murphy to allow an *Irish Press* reporter, Mr. Ciaran McKeown, to attend a prize-giving ceremony in St. Thomas's school because McKeown previously had written an article considered by the authorities to be hostile to diocesan policy on schooling. Ironically, the headmaster of that school was McKeown's father, Mr. Sean McKeown. This ban on his son led to the resignation as headmaster of Mr. Sean McKeown.

Consequently, the Wilson Case and these other incidents resulted in an upsurge of populist Catholicism in opposition to the administrative rule of the diocese. More than 1000 militant parishioners held a public meeting in support of Father Wilson at which an action committee was set up to coordinate forms of protest (such as withholding collections) and to communicate with Bishop Philbin and other members of the Irish hierarchy. The tone of the meeting was set by the remark of the elected chairman, Mr. Frank Cahill, when he said that the local people and the media were asking Canon Murphy and Bishop Philbin to come out and talk about Father Wilson's resignation, but that every time a request was made they were told there was no comment. "Where the hell are they?" Mr. Cahill asked. A speaker shouted from the floor "Does anybody in the hall see eye-to-eye with Dr. Philbin on the resignation?" There were shouts of "No," stamping of feet and jeering. Another voice called out: "If the parish priest refuses to meet his parishioners then we can refuse to have him the parish priest." The loudest applause of the meeting was accorded to a Protestant minister from the Shankill Road who expressed support for the action committee. (Shankill Road is a main Protestant working-class area.)

That action committee prepared a pamphlet, "Open the Window—Let in the Light," documenting their grievances against the exercise of diocesan policy. The members sent a registered letter requesting an urgent meeting with Bishop Philbin. A spokesman for the committee explained that it was not seeking confrontation; it wanted to send a deputation to ask for consultation between the hierarchy and the people in the running of the affairs of the church and the parish. However, Bishop Philbin would not meet the committee. He told them by letter: "What you are asking is, in effect, that I should give you, through a process of question, answer and argument, what would amount to a public assessment of the manner in which a number of persons have been discharging offices in this diocese. I hope you will realize that it would be quite improper for me to do anything of this, in spite of the fact that the matters in question are being made the basis of charges and imputations against me and other clergy."

The division, as the *Irish Times* noted in an editorial, was clear-cut: "It is a clash of two theological viewpoints: on the one hand, Bishop Philbin upholds a feudal concept of the church in which as bishop he acts as if he had monopolistic ownership of the People of God in a defined geographical area; on the other hand, Father Wilson is attempting in the harrowing circum-

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stances of war-torn and socially deprived Belfast to find a new way of performing his ministry. As the situation in the North is so sectarian and divisive, the Wilson Case is of such fundamental importance that the Vatican cannot morally take up the position of neutrality. If the Vatican remains silent, it will implicitly support Bishop Philbin's view of church authority—and consequently accelerate an anti-clerical spirit in the North."

The summer months brought a recess from contestation in Ireland. But, as one commentator remarked, clerical karate is fast becoming the moral popular spectator sport in Ireland. It could be that ten years after Vatican II Irish Catholicism is about to experience the kind of turbulence that hit American Catholicism immediately after the Council. The odds are that the next round will still be staged in Belfast. JOHN COONEY

(*John Cooney is* Commonweal*'s regular correspondend in Ireland.*)

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CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL JOURNALS

BRITAIN'S SELECT THREE

I thought it would be useful, at a time when *Commonweal* is facing the challenge of drastic inflation in America, to report on the current state of some Catholic periodicals in England, as they face the same problem. In this report, I shall concentrate on one small sector only: the Catholic 'intellectual' monthly journals. What follows is of course only my own personal impressions, and readers must allow for any bias I may show.

Today, there are only three journals that I would put fairly and squarely in that category; all of them sell a proportion of their circulation in the U.S.A., but there may be many *Commonweal* readers who would like to know more about them. They are *The Month, The Clergy Review* and *New Blackfriars.*

The Month [114 Mount St., London W1Y 6AH, $12.] is the oldest and has the most prestigious connections. Despite its Jesuit ownership it boasts—yes, I think that might now be the right word—of having turned down Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry in the eighteen-seventies. (Ironically, its survival in the nineteen-seventies could depend on the possession by the Society of the Hopkins royalties.) In more recent years it has swallowed up two other journals: *The Dublin Review* (founded by Wiseman in 1836) and the English version of *Herder Correspondence.* The former was a close stable-companion anyway, in the sense that it was a journal of a literary/historical/theological kind appealing, as *The Month* used to, to a reflective, conservative, Oxford-and-Cambridge-style Catholic audience. But the absorption of *Herder Correspondence* was a different matter, and the modern version of *The Month* resembles, in appearance and partly in content, this later acquisition. It is now frankly contemporary in tone and style, aiming to inform and enlighten the modern Christian primarily on matters of religion and social and political affairs. Politically it is, I would say, pink in an uncommitted and unideological sort of way, but it attains a high standard of in-depth reporting, particularly on international Catholic and Christian affairs. (The Jesuits' network of connections in many places, high and low, counts for a good deal here.) It has regular film criticism. Abstracts from other worldwide religious periodicals are a specialty. Book reviews are restricted in range but go in for depth. Until recently it has eschewed editorials, but this is changing, I gather.

The Clergy Review [48 Great Peter St., London SW1P 2HB, Surface Mail $10., Airmail $17.] has a very different sort of past. It was started in 1931 as a vehicle for keeping the secular clergy in England properly 'informed.' It provided a permanent refresher course, so to speak, for parish priests. In addition to longer articles and editorials, it used to feature 'questions and answers' on matters of morals, etc., by a resident team of canon lawyer, liturgical expert and so on. To thumb through these columns is to remember how the Church, in England anyway, used in the old days to tick. A casual glance at the April 1960 issue reveals the following typical question: "Does it follow from Canon 859 that the paschal precept is formally not one but two distinct precepts, so that two sins are involved in culpable failure to communicate in the course of a year?" A characteristic two-page reply begins with twelve lines of relevant Latin quotation, followed by a closely argued reasoning, of which the gist is that "the answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative" but that "in confession it will certainly be sufficient to avow it as a single sin." This sort of stuff reads, in 1975, like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan's Lord High Chancellor's Song: yet it had a kind of charm which much of the current "Moral Theology Forum," which has replaced it, lacks. At least you could disagree with it—as did various Catholic anti-war campaigners of the sixties, when the moral issue of nuclear deterrence was much discussed in *The Clergy Review.* A good deal of the credit for the new image of the periodical must go to Charles Davis, who edited it for much of that decade.

The Clergy Review today retains its original purpose,

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but performs its job in a different way. While it still has to keep its nose clean with the bishops, and go carefully on controversial issues, its editorial board has independence and includes at least one layman. A regular layman's viewpoint is included among articles. The standards of discussion are remarkably high (it is interesting to note that Professor Karl Popper recently commended a *Clergy Review* article on his own philosophy—a rare event) and the book-reviewing is serious.. Obviously the political element is mostly absent, but an undercurrent of ecclesiastical politics is often detectable as the journal tries to change and broaden clerical attitudes while not offending anyone. The very old and the very young, among the clergy, seem to like it better than the middle-aged. It tries to be ecumenical and to present the clergy in modern dress, but I doubt if many people outside clerical ranks read it, except in mission areas abroad where it has a remarkable currency. I would say it does a very effective job, in a quiet way, and with great integrity: but its title, while giving it a captive audience, hampers it from expanding its frontiers much, despite the fact that it contains a good deal that is of general Christian interest.

New Blackfriars, the journal of the English Dominicans [Blackfriars, Oxford, England, $12.50], is quite a different proposition from either of the preceding ones. The English Dominicans of the last half-century have been a race of brilliant eccentrics, both in personality and interests. They have inspired depths of affection and of hatred which no other order could equal. Wayward, unconventional, unpredictable, unamenable to external discipline, they have traced a very different path, in journalistic terms, from either the Jesuits or the secular clergy. *New Blackfriars* under its current editor, Herbert McCabe, is a characteristically Dominican product. "We are the journal of the left and we are critical both of the church and of the left because this is where our theology takes us, the theology of the Dominican tradition," says the leaflet inviting new subscribers. To see the tradition of Thomism as inescapably 'left' may seem to many people sheer effrontery: yet from the days of Eric Gill in the thirties to the present moment, such a position has been maintained by the Dominican journal, and I think with a good deal of success. But to do so is very hard work, against tremendous odds. Not surprisingly, *New Blackfriars* is the most vulnerable of the three periodicals, not only to financial crises but also to the orchestrated criticism of mainstream Catholicism. Not surprisingly too *New Blackfriars* is the toughest, the most varied and the most daring of the three, and the one which it is hardest for the newcomer to assimilate. The links which it affirms, and tries to make, between theology, politics and literature are far from obvious to the 'Catholic in the street,' while to proclaim that they can only be fully understood within a 'left' perspective makes it harder still. Yet at its best, *New Blackfriars* is more energetic, exciting and (to use a cant word) abrasive than its rivals. Its editorials are as pungent as they are unpredictable: you never quite know where the 'theology of the Dominican tradition' is going to go, but you do know it will be worth watching. If it is little regarded by the 'official church' it is the most regarded of the three by non-Christians, who see it as a beacon of Catholic light amidst the general murk.

I have said nothing about the relative circulations of these journals, since I am not able to do so with any accuracy, and in any case circulation is not a test of true merit in this kind of journalism. They all face grave problems in a world of inflation: they are all well worth preserving. Together they give a valuable picture of the quality and range of the best in Catholic thought in Britain (though they do not reflect the right-wing element which still persists here, as a kind of irritant, amidst the general vague progressiveness of modern Catholicism). I leave it to *Commonweal* readers themselves to judge which of them is the best buy.

BRIAN WICKER

(*Brian Wicker is* Commonweal*'s regular correspondent in Great Britain.*)

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IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE FORMER SWITZERLAND

Montevideo should be a delight for old car *aficionados.* You see them parked in town or sputtering along the wide avenue that follows the beaches: Fords and Chevies from the '40s, the '30s, even Model T's and A's, as well as more obscure European cars of the same vintage, right-hand steering wheels, and so forth. What arouses vague childhood recollections in the casual observer must provoke ecstasy in the car freak.

The explanation of this curious concentration of old vehicles reflects the history of this small South American republic (2,850,000 inhabitants): during its boom decades Uruguay was able to import a large number of cars; in its decline automobiles are so expensive that mechanics work miracles to keep them running.

Uruguayans used to think of their country as the "Switzerland of South America." It was settled by Euro-

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pean immigrants during the last half of the 19th century (as were neighboring sections of Argentine and Brazil) and rose to prosperity on exports of beef and wool. From the early decades of this century the government built up a unique welfare state system.

The distribution of wealth was relatively even and the middle-class predominated. There was a scrupulous respect for freedom of expression and governments practiced an orderly democratic succession. The education level was high and Uruguay in spite of the smallness of its population was an intellectual and literary center. With its broad pampas and homogeneous population Uruguay was perhaps the only Latin American country that would resist the "land of contrasts" treatment in travel brochures.

All that is drastically changed now. One self-exile in Peru shook his head sadly, "It's a perfect example of how a fine way of life can be ruined overnight," he said in Oxford-accented English.

Actually it wasn't quite overnight. The boom came to a sudden halt at the end of the Korean war when demand for beef and wool declined. People recognized the crisis when some Uruguayan banks failed in the late '50s. But for a time the Uruguayan way of life was maintained in parliamentary democracy and summer vacations at the beach.

During the '60s the left began to become more prominent, especially in the voice of the review *Marcha*. Uruguayans discovered that they were Latin Americans after all and that their prosperity had been built upon their marginal usefulness to Europe and the U.S. A group of intellectuals and university students, taking the name of the Peruvian Indian rebel Tupac Amaru, formed a highly disciplined clandestine organization called the Tupamaros.

For the elections of 1971 the Left experienced a season of hope. The traditional Blanco and Colorado parties were challenged by the Frente Amplio, a coalition of Communists, Christian Democrats, and others which seemed even more coherent and promising than the electorally successful Unidad Popular in Chile. The results were mixed: the Frente got only 23 percent of the total vote but it came in second place in Montevideo. The people of the interior and even many workers had voted for the traditional parties but the Frente had received a surprising support from the middle-class and the bureaucracy.

After the elections large sectors of the Left despaired of the electoral process. Many youths were ready for something more radical and the Tupamaros decided to relax their clandestine discipline and expand with a view toward a "people's war." Until this point they had concentrated on consciousness-raising exploits, such as the well-known kidnapping and "execution" of Dan Mitrione, the AID public security expert who had given police training, including torture techniques (cf. "State of Siege"). Their imaginative actions included entering movie theaters and passing out literature and commandeering a milk truck and giving away free milk with propaganda in poor barrios. Their impressive techniques were due to the presence of professional people and technicians in the movement.

At this point the army decided to take over from the police and proclaimed a state of internal war on the Tupamaros. By opening its ranks the organization had become more vulnerable and within less than a year the army was able to get at the leadership by means of systematic terror and torture (with the help of Brazilian and American advisors, it would seem). The "internal war" was continued against other elements of the left. Observers estimate that since that time the number of political prisoners has remained at around 3000. Many were jailed just because they had been seen with Tupamaro members, e.g., doctors who treated the wounded without denouncing them, and priests who had seen them.

The "internal war" aroused a sense of political vocation in the military, and the coup came in February 1973. Though Congress was suspended, the President, Juan Bordaberry, has been able to retain some leverage. It would seem that the military thought that the world food situation and rising meat prices would enable them to ride a new boom to prosperity and popularity. However, Uruguay's traditional European markets closed themselves to protect their own beef and so as not to waste reserves needed for oil purchases. Hence Uruguay's economic situation worsened.

At the moment of writing, Bordaberry is promising an economic plan but there seems to be no real basis for any coherent economic development. The prevailing ideology seems to call for a return to a "free market" and "real prices" after years of a welfare state. In effect it means the depression of wages and salaries of both workers and the middle class. And Uruguay seems destined to become an economic satellite of Brazil.

Large numbers of people are emigrating. It is said that 400,000 or more live in Argentina and others are going to Brazil, Venezuela, the U.S., or Australia. Because of their high educational level Uruguayans are able to compete for jobs in other countries. Half the people are said to have passports.

Political parties are suspended, meetings are prohibited, informers are ubiquitous, there is systematic wiretapping and mail-opening, and the press is totally controlled (*Marcha* was definitively closed some months ago). It is the all-too-familiar story of Latin America today.

Like the nation, the Uruguayan church has historically been atypical. Its immigrants were little disposed to accept the kind of clericalism they had known in Spain and Italy and hence from the beginning there has prevailed a laicist atmosphere in society and the church

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had no political influence. One curious datum is that only about 60 percent of Uruguayans are baptized while the average in the rest of Latin America is always over 90 percent (with the interesting exception of pre-Castro Cuba). In this laicist atmosphere there was formed a minority of Catholics with a mature faith, especially through various Catholic Action movements.

During the '60s these Catholics were shaken by the crisis of Uruguayan society and hence when the archdiocese of Montevideo began discussion groups the response was spectacular: about 1000 groups with a total participation of perhaps 10,000 people. The first year was spent discussing the situation of the country, the second was devoted to theological aspects of church and society and the third to church structures. Actually the numbers declined, especially during the third year. One observer was of the opinion that the church had no way of channeling the energies of these people after they had become aware of the situation. Many participants went into the Frente Amplio and many of the youth entered the Tupamaros.

During this same period Uruguay was a focal point for radicalized Christians in all of Latin America. ISAL (*Iglesia y Sociedad en America Latina*), an ecumenical group of the theologians and social scientists, had its base there and published *Cristianismo y Sociedad*. Pax Romana, the international student movement, had its offices in Montevideo. One could also point to the distinguished magazine *Vispera* and the Centro Pedro Fabro (where Juan-Luis Segundo, S.J. elaborated his series of theology for the laity recently published by Orbis books). ISAL has left and is indeed disbanded or very discreet in most countries; Pax Romana moved to Lima because of police harassment; *Vispera* survives but says nothing about Uruguay.

During the whole process of "internal war" the Catholic Church has said virtually nothing. For one thing there was no tradition of active intervention in national life due to the laicist influence. The hierarchy is said to be divided—most bishops reflect the conservatism of the interior and Archbishop Partelli of Montevideo, although he is personally sympathetic to progressive elements, cannot stand up alone. There is no effective Justice and Peace Commission nor is there any national priests' organization. The only time the hierarchy has stood up to the government occurred recently when there seemed to be a move to appoint directors for private schools. It is said that the Minister of Culture lost his job over this confrontation.

With its low birth rate and continual emigration, Uruguay actually has a declining population. It is a country of the old—sadly like its automobiles. Some opine that the military are not worried by the emigration and indeed see it as an escape valve for potential troublemakers.

Although the populace still remembers its days of prosperity and grumbles about the military, there are few prospects for change. The generals and colonels still feel the euphoria of power. One would like to close with some signs of hope but all indications point to further deterioration.

PHILLIP BERRYMAN

(Phillip Berryman, a previous contributor, worked for some years in Latin America.)

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ED HOEPPNER

FOR THE MONARCH'S TRANSPARENT LIVES

Before we tore the last wall down,
we sat and stared out the empty window
at the shingles and bones
we had thrown from the roof
and the grains in the heavy oak door
that sparked in the sunlight.
The monarchs came to rest
on the open hardwood floor
like leaves fallen together
from the same tree.
The male waited,
fluttering slowly, like water,
above her.
Touching, finally,
they shuddered.
She was limp, her wings folded back,
when he carried her off in the wind.

Weeks later,
as we picked shark's teeth and coral
from the sandstone cliffs above the lake,
we found the chrysalis
hanging stiffly from a bit of milkweed.
Under the emerald cover,
soldered with gold,
we could see the slow movement
of deep water.

Somewhere,
a tiger lily
flings its petals to the wind.
Many fly south.
This one came to the lake,
dropped gently to the surface
and was turned to a copper feather
by the August sun.

Listen.
The rain comes to meet the waves
and receive its wings.

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RAPE REALITY, RAPE FANTASY

PETER STEINFELS

The best-seller list includes two books about money, several about physical fitness, one titled *Power!* and one called *Winning Through Intimidation*. There are no books on the joy of sex, the greater joy of more sex, the joyier more of sexier joy. There may soon be, however, a best-seller about rape. As a friend cheerily observed on this situation, in a time of recession people get down to basics.

Judging from the enthusiastic reviews, the book-club response, the extra printings, *Against Our Will*, subtitled "Men, Women and Rape," if not a best-seller, will certainly be influential. And the author, Susan Brownmiller, does make rape a "basic." "As Brownmiller sees it," wrote the admiring reviewer in the *New York Times Book Review*, "rape is the hidden foundation for too much of our social order, the cardinal act of defilement by which men assert possession and control over the other half of humanity."

A few days later the reviewer in the daily *Times* did blink momentarily at Ms. Brownmiller's thesis: "Well, of course, one muttered to oneself, rape is awful, deplorable, an unalloyed tarnish on the human condition. But so are cancer, forest fires, and the sundry other disasters that people have been heir to. . . ." Yet he too apparently assented, overwhelmed by this "exhaustive and detailed study."

Could this be true, I wondered. A single rape is horrible enough to contemplate; the hundreds of thousands which occur yearly in the U.S. even more so. But why elevate a peripheral abnormality, no matter how terrible, into an organizing principle for understanding our institutions and personal relations? If hard cases make bad law, exceptional atrocities surely make bad social thought.

And yet the essence of new knowledge is often the insight that what we had previously believed peripheral is in reality central. In the '60s, for example, liberals learned that racial discrimination was more than America's "unfinished business," an item unfortunately placed at the bottom of freedom's agenda, terribly important, yes, but somehow external to our nation's central character. We finally learned what foreign observers like de Tocqueville had immediately perceived, that the unhappy relations between blacks and whites were at the heart of this nation's experience.

Feminists have already accomplished something similar. What first appeared as a problem in "career opportunities," the province of high school counselors and government agencies, feminists have shown to be a problem of language, child rearing, identity, and division of labor, the province of entire cultures. I find myself persuaded, as Rosemary Ruether states in an article on "The First and Final Proletariat," that "Housework . . . is the invisible economic base of male autonomy, mobility, and concentrated energy at work." To give "housework" such a world-historical character would probably have seemed laughable a few years ago, as it would have to propose the average muscular differential between males and females or the rate of maternal death as central factors in our understanding of human relations. But now, specifically, *rape*?

Four hundred and fifty pages after asking myself that question, I too can testify that Susan Brownmiller has written a book which is, as the reviewers said, chilling, monumental, exhaustive, detailed, absorbing and original. It is most chilling, perhaps, in its unremitting documentation of the wartime victimization of women by troops setting out either to terrorize enemy populations or celebrate conquest. But Brownmiller's greatest contribution is in establishing the continuity between rape and other facets of American culture. The rapist is not the "psycho schizophrenic beset by timidity, sexual deprivation, and a domineering wife or mother," an image inherited from the downright silly psychoanalytic literature, typically as strong in assertion as it is weak in evidence. Instead, Brownmiller argues on the basis of sociological data about thousands of rapes, "The typical American perpetrator of forcible rape is little more than an aggressive, hostile youth who chooses to do violence to women." He is apt to be around nineteen years old, of lower socio-economic class, have a prior arrest record for crimes other than rape, attack women of his own race, and commonly operate not in a secretive, solitary way but as part of a group or gang. In a majority of cases, he does not use a weapon but terrorizes with physical force or by sheer numbers. Nor does he usually kill his victim—and whether he does seems to bear no relationship to her resistance or submissiveness. Unlike, the murderer, who is, oddly enough, thought of as "normal" though wicked, and yet who stands apart on a host of indices, the profile of the rapist fits statistically between that of the man who commits aggravated assault and the man who commits robbery. Within the miserable patterns of American crime, the rapist is unfortunately not an oddity.

Brownmiller also argues, from the evidence of movies, tabloid treatments of rape, and the romance-confession magazines read by millions, that the rapist is by no means a sheer aberration from the patterns of mass culture. The myths of male superiority,

(Continued on page 573)

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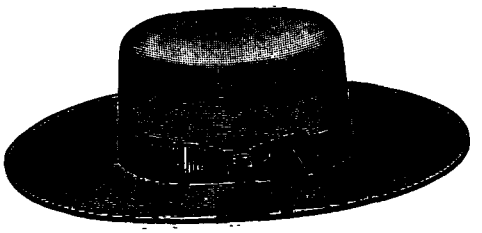
THE COWBOY CHALLENGE

KIRKPATRICK SALE



The rise of the Southern Rim

In the Oval Office of the White House, shortly before two o'clock on March 13, 1973, Richard Nixon is nearing the end of a long and rambling conversation with his counsel, John Dean, about ways to deflect the growing Watergate scandals that are just beginning to threaten his administration. On Capitol Hill, L. Patrick Gray, Nixon's nominee to be head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is continuing his testimony to the Senate Judiciary Committee, before whom he has already disclosed damaging secrets that point suspicions directly to the White House; the day before, Nixon issued a proclamation denying permission for his staff members to appear before the various Senate committees, pulling a blanket of "executive privilege" hard around him to withstand the increasingly bitter winds of Watergate. The President is now feeling himself very much the beleaguered hero under attack from a cruel press and a manipulated public, and angrily declares at one point, "Nobody is a friend of ours," later on reflecting more plaintively, "It will remain a crisis among the upper intellectual types, the soft heads, our own, too—Republicans—and the Democrats and the rest." Dean, shrewd to detect and reflect the mood of his superior, soon joins in and begins berating with him "the press . . . the intellectuals," claiming they would never believe the Watergate burglars were acting alone, "they would have to paint it into something more sinister, more involved, part of a general plan." The President nods, seems to grow morose, and then bursts out with the idea that has been troubling him all along:

"On and on and on. No, I tell you this, it is the last gasp of our hardest opponents. They've just got to have something to squeal about it."

Dean, ever the second banana begins to chime in, "It is the only thing they have to squeal—" but Nixon, warming to his subject now, won't be interrupted.

"They are going to lie around and squeal. They are having a hard time now. They got the hell kicked out of them in the elections." Then just to make sure Dean appreciates the full dimensions of who this enemy is, Nixon enlarges: "There is a lot of Watergate around in this town, not so much our opponents, even the media, but the basic thing is the Establishment. The Establishment is dying, and so they've got to show that despite the successes we have had in foreign policy and in the election, they've got to show that it is just wrong, just because of this. They are trying to use this as the whole thing."

The basic thing is the Establishment.

Extraordinary. This is a President of the United States talking, and in the normal taxonomy of this country a President is regarded as a key part, if not the very center, of any "Establishment"—yet here is a President who plainly sees himself outside the Establishment, and, more than that, an *enemy* of that Establishment. Clearly, then, Richard Nixon is changing the usual definitions, is in fact pointing to a new conception of what the Establishment is and what its position has become in mid-century America, a conception which he no doubt had never fully articulated but which his highly developed political antennae told him was nonetheless quite real.

For Nixon, the Establishment is a distant and a foreign world, the world of New York and Boston and Newport and Grosse Pointe and Winnetka, the world of great wealth, high culture, nurtured traditions, industrial power, and political aristocracies, the world of "the soft heads" and "the media," the "liberal elite" and the "impudent snobs"—"the enemy." Nixon sees himself as standing apart from all of this, obviously a newcomer, an outsider, a challenger, representative of a newer breed of people who, no matter how many deals they make with this Establishment, no matter how many times they

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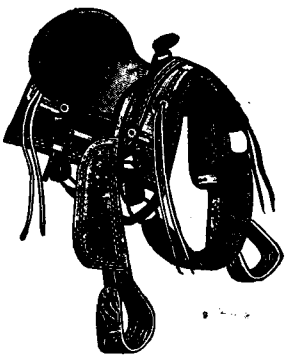
rub shoulders with it, will never be a part of that world, for they come from a new place and they hold different values and they serve variant causes. Nixon understands, if only primitively, that there is in fact a new configuration of forces in America, to which he and his Presidency are joined, that stands in opposition to the traditional Establishment and is therefore a new component to be reckoned with in the equations of national power.

Looked at in its broadest terms, the modern Establishment in America enjoyed a virtually undiminished influence from the time of its consolidation after the Civil War right down to the beginning of World War II, roughly the whole seventy-year period from 1870 to 1940. In practically every aspect of life, this country was dominated by a nexus of industrial, financial, political, academic, and cultural centers based in the Northeast, stretching from Chicago to New York, from Boston to Philadelphia, and associated with the names of Mellon, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford, McCormick, Vanderbilt, and the like. It was this nexus that influenced the selection of Presidential candidates (between 1869 and 1945 only two Presidents were born outside of the Northeast), that controlled the houses of Congress, that determined American foreign policy, that set the economic priorities and directions, that more or less created the cultural and moral standards, that determined who were to be the powerful and the powerless. And such provincial areas as *did* manage to grow up at the same time—the San Francisco Bay Area, say, with its "upstart" A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of America, or New Orleans, prosperous through the Mississippi River traffic—were largely contained in their remoter regions and allowed to exert very little economic or political influence on a national scale.

All that began to change with the advent of World War II and its new technologies and priorities. Slowly there grew up a rival nexus, based in the Southern and Western parts of the country that stand in geographical —and to a large degree cultural, economic, and political —opposition to the Northeast, specifically in the *Southern Rim*, the broad band of America that stretches from Southern California through the Southwest and Texas, into the Deep South and down to Florida.

Here a truly competitive power base took shape, built upon the unsurpassed population migrations that began to draw millions and millions of people from the older and colder sections of the Northeast to the younger and sunnier sections of the South and Southwest . . . upon an authentic economic revolution that created the giant new postwar industries of defense, aerospace, technology, electronics, agribusiness, and oil-and-gas extraction, all of which were based primarily in the Southern Rim and which grew to rival and in some cases surpass the older industries of the Northeast . . . upon the enormous growth of the federal government and its unprecedented accumulation of wealth, the great part of which went to develop and sustain the new areas and the new government-dependent industries, the new ports and new inland transportation systems, the new military and aerospace bases and the new water and irrigation systems . . . upon the political development of the Southern Rim and its growing influence in almost all national party organizations of whatever stripe, its decisive role in the selection of candidates of both major parties, its control over the major committees and much of the inner workings of Congress, and ultimately, from 1963 to 1974, its occupancy of the Presidency itself. Over the last thirty years, this rival nexus, moving on to the national stage and mounting a head-on challenge to the traditional Establishment, has quite simply shifted the balance of power in America away from the Northeast and toward the Southern Rim.

That this is not some arcane geographical games-playing or a form of paranoia born in Richard Nixon's mind



is easy enough to demonstrate. The evidence is abundant and rather wonderfully diverse, manifested, for example, in the takeover of the Republican Party by the new and generally conservative forces from the Southern Rim—Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, Nixon himself—and the consequent displacement of Northeastern liberals, at least for the long decade between 1964 and 1974 . . . in the assaults by Southern Rim tycoons, Clint Murchison, James Ling, Nelson Bunker Hunt, Howard Hughes, and many colorful others, upon the citadels of Wall Street and the giants of Northeastern industry . . . in the shift of major-league sports franchises out of the Northeast to the South and West, and the creation of six new professional leagues by entrepreneurs of that area . . . in the succession to power in the tight and potent world of the U.S. Congress of such men, over the years, as Allan Ellender, Sam Rayburn, Richard Russell, James Eastland, Wright Patman, Wilbur Mills, Chet Holifield, John Stennis, Sam Ervin, Carl Albert, John Rhodes, Howard Baker, Joseph Montoya, every one of them from the Southern Rim . . . in the emergence of new official stock exchanges in places like Miami and Los Angeles, flourishing at a time when the New York exchanges are floundering . . . in the extraordinary rise and growth of new cities like Anaheim, San Diego, Phoenix, Albuquerque, Dallas, Houston, Memphis, Jackson,

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Atlanta, Jacksonville, Orlando, stretching right across the southern part of the country, cities which have grown from sleepy cowtowns and frontier outposts into major commercial centers, among the most thriving in the land . . . in the relocation of organized crime activities out of the wizened world of the Northeast to the newly hospitable centers of Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Phoenix, New Orleans, Hot Springs, Miami Beach . . . in the extraordinary investment of $55 million by H. Ross Perot, the Texas computer executive, who single-handedly kept the stock brokerages from collapsing in 1971 . . . in the rise within the Democratic party of figures like George Wallace, Pat Brown, Jr., Lloyd Bentsen, Fred Harris, Jimmy Carter, Robert Strauss, Terry Sanford, Reubin Askew, all of them from the Southern Rim and all among the new figures reshaping that party . . . in the flight of thousands of businesses and hundreds of major corporations out of the big cities of the Northeast into the aggressive new cities of the Southern Rim, draining the Northeast of at least forty of *Fortune*'s top-ranked industrial firms in just the last ten years . . . in the development of serious cultural centers in such places as Los Angeles, Houston, Atlanta, and Miami, each with enterprises to rival those of New York's and to meet or surpass those of most of the rest of the Northeast . . . in the rising personal incomes of the people in the Southern Rim states which have been growing steadily while there has been a decline in the Northeast, and in the last decade the growth rates of the leading sunbelt metropolitan areas have been twice as high as in the leading coldbelt areas . . . and in such small facts as that the West Coast plans to build its own Statue of Liberty . . . that the Federal Reserve Board has established its first new bank in thirty-three years in Miami, Florida . . . that the national headquarters of the American Contract Bridge League is in Memphis . . . that Bergdorf Goodman, the fancy Fifth Avenue department store in New York, is owned by Carter Hawley Hale Stores of Los Angeles . . . and that Hebrew-National Kosher Foods, Inc., the most famous name in all of New York's delicatessen culture, is owned by the Riviana Corporation of Houston, Texas. . . . And that's only a start.

And the Northeast under this kind of siege? Well, it has not disappeared, nor does it give any signs of doing so: the very fact that Nixon is no longer in that Oval Office and that he has been replaced by a man from Michigan is evidence enough that considerable power still resides in the Northeast. But one can see plainly that the Establishment is *declining*, and even a presidential coup cannot disguise that reality. The large urban centers are all decaying and losing population, some like Newark and Buffalo and Detroit and Gary turning into outright sinkholes. . . .

The riches of the Northeast are flowing to other sections of the country, producing "a pronounced shift of income" over the next fifteen years toward the Southern and Western regions, according to the Census Bureau, with particularly rapid growths for manufacturing operations in the South and below-average rates for "nearly every major industry in the Middle Atlantic region . . . for the next two decades." . . . The textile firms of New York have picked up and headed for the South, the coal mines of Appalachia have been boarded up one by one, the dairy farms of New England have been deserted and left to lie fallow. . . . The railroad systems have deteriorated so rapidly, with nine major lines in bankruptcy by 1975 and others to follow, that the whole transportation infrastructure of the Northeast is facing collapse and the regional economy is seriously jeopardized. . . . The industrial importance of the Northeast is rapidly diminishing, according to the business-oriented Conference Board, citing figures to show that yankee industries accounted for 70 percent of all value added in manufacturing as recently as the late 1940s but "by 1971 this share declined to 51 percent" and was dropping with every passing year. . . . The old money markets are no longer capable of supplying the capital needs of the Northeast or of the nation, and the brokerage houses that once served as the glittering jewels of Wall Street have been so badly tarnished that they are going under at the rate of more than fifty a year. . . . And in almost every sphere the conventional stability and dominance of the Establishment is deteriorating. It is surely too soon to say from all of this, as Nixon tells it to Dean, that "the Establishment is dying," but just as surely that hyperbole is pointing toward a truth.

The idea of a "Southern Rim" in American economic and political life is not mere capriciousness, a paranoid's invention. There is a reality to this area, a climatic, historical, and cultural cohesiveness, that serves to set this broad band off from the rest of the country in many ways.

The most obvious unity to the Southern Rim is climatic, and a look at any of those weather maps that the newspapers print helps to show why. No matter what the time of year, there will probably be a dotted line running across the map from around the tip of North Carolina in the East, on out through Memphis and Oklahoma City, swerving down a bit to Albuquerque, and then up through southern Nevada and on to San Francisco. In the winter this is normally the 60-degree line—temperatures south of it running from 60 degrees on up, north of it below 60 degrees—and in the summer it is usually the 80-degree demarcation. It will vary, of course, weather being what it is, but it is remarkable how consistently the temperature line cuts this same pattern.

This seems as appropriate a way as any to start to define the Southern Rim since it is to a great degree the climate that has given it its spectacular growth. In the area below this line are to be found all of the tropical and semitropical regions of the United States: the Florida

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beaches, the Deep South savannas, the Louisiana lowlands, the Texas and Oklahoma plains, the Southwestern deserts, the palmy California coast. Here is the zone in which the average annual temperature is above 60 degrees, the average maximum temperature is 74 degrees; there are between 250 and 350 days of sunshine a year, and frost, if it should come, does not descend before November. This is, in short, America's sunbelt.

But there is more than climatic unity to this area. There is also a rough populational cohesion as well, for before the modern migrations this area had a fairly uniform pattern of settlement, the movement sweeping almost due west from the South, spreading a human substratum from the Carolinas to California. The earliest migrations in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries moved almost exclusively westward from the East Coast, one broad wave sweeping southwest through Georgia and Alabama to the Gulf Coast and on up the Rio Grande, another moving due west through the Tennessee, Arkansas, and Red River valleys across the Texas plains and up against the Rockies. By the early twentieth century both of these waves had tapered off roughly in eastern New Mexico, but then came two final movements that completed the settlements, one pouring down into Florida from the Deep South states from the early 1920s on, and the other, made famous by the Okies, moving westward over the Rockies and into Southern California and the Central Valley in the later 1920s and 1930s. By the time of World War II the entire Rim area enjoyed an unusual homogeneity for "melting-pot America": it was marked not only by Southern—and overwhelmingly Southern *white*—settlement, but by the comparative absence of foreign-born immigration. And even the modern influx, though perhaps a half of it has come from the Northeast, has not changed this fixed character appreciably.

Partly as a result of these migration characteristics, partly as a result of the common heritage they imply, the Southern Rim is also marked by a rough cultural unity. The entire area encompasses almost all the regions that have historically been the principal battlegrounds of the American frontier, from the Tennessee of Davy Crockett to the Texas of Sam Houston to the Arizona of Wyatt Earp, with all that this heritage implies (which, for Frederick Jackson Turner, for example, means "perennial rebirth . . . fluidity of American life . . . new opportunities . . . simplicity . . . primitive existence . . . the meeting point between savagery and civilization"). It also encompasses almost precisely the area unique in this country for its economic dependence upon slave and subservient labor (black, brown, or red), not only the famous plantations of the South and their successors, but the ranches of Texas and the Southwest, and the fruit farms of California and Florida. The region includes all of the states of the Southern Confederacy (except Virginia), plus the two territories with greatest Confederate sympathy (Oklahoma and New Mexico), and that implies a cultural heritage that, of course, goes far beyond the simply military. Finally, the entire region from the Carolina coast to eastern New Mexico and from Oklahoma to Florida is the heartland of the Southern Baptist Convention and its offshoots—it is the most populous church today in every state from North Carolina to Texas—and there are additional strong Baptist representations in Arizona and Southern California as well.

Taken altogether, these characteristics of the Southern Rim define a remarkably consistent geographical area. It hardly seems an accident, in fact, that there is indeed a cartographical line that sets off this area almost precisely; the boundary line which runs along the northern hedges of North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, or, generally, the 37th parallel. Extend this line through Nevada and California to the Pacific, with just the slightest swing upward to embrace San Francisco, and the demarcation is complete. The land south of that line takes in all of thirteen states —North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona—and the southern and by far the most populous parts of two more states, Nevada and California. This is the Southern Rim.

Now, traditionalists will have noted that this neat demarcation by the 37th parallel creates some divergences from normal geographical constructs. On the eastern end, for example, it excludes the state of Virginia, despite the fact that it was a part, an important part, of the Confederacy and that in its northern half it has experienced much of the same rapid growth that the true Rim areas have. Still, Virginia is simply different in its basic climate and most of its agriculture from the pattern of the Southern Rim; its historical migrations have been either due west, through the Appalachians into Kentucky and West Virginia, or dead north along the coastlines; and its population growths of recent years have almost all taken place in the Washington environs as part of a suburban belt that relates to Maryland and the North far more than to Norfolk and the South.

On the western end, the Rim demarcation includes the mid-California region from the Bay Area on the south—despite the fact that San Francisco was an old-line center of wealth, with pretensions to "old aristocracy" and the like, and though much ink has been expended trying to make a dividing line between Los Angeles and the Bay Area. The reason is simple enough: climatologically, topographically, and geologically, this region has much more in common with the south than in contrast to it (the real dividing line in California is not the Tehachapi Mountains but the Mokelumne River), and the area around San Francisco to the south (San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Alameda counties, for

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example) has been every bit as explosive a growth region as the southern part of the state and shares all its contemporary characteristics.

Similarly, the southern tip of Nevada is included in the territory cut by the 37th parallel, again an area that just happens to be of a piece with its southern rather than its northern neighbors: it is related by geography through the Colorado River system to Arizona and Southern California, by its mid-century patterns of growth to the spectacular boom cities like Phoenix and Los Angeles, and by its economy and culture—especially Las Vegas—to the rich world of Southern California, where most of its players come from.

The region that stands in opposition to this Southern Rim should be accorded some definition as well. The Northeast, as used here, encompasses the entire quadrant east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line (and its rough extension westward), taking in the fourteen states of New England and the Great Lakes: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois. This region, too, enjoys a certain cohesion, of climate, geography, culture, settlement, and history, but above all of economics and demography: this is the traditional manufacturing belt of America, the area that since the middle of the nineteenth century has been characterized by a band of heavy industry virtually unbroken from Chicago to Boston; and it is the land of the megalopolis, the vast urban clusters that show up on a population map as a mass of black circles again stretching almost without interval from Chicago along the Great Lakes on to Philadelphia and New York and up to Boston. There are some to be sure, who would like to divide this quadrant in half, creating some sort of "Midwest" that begins around the Pennsylvania-Ohio border—there is, alas, no evidence whatsoever that there are real distinctions between the two regions.

There is a broadly metaphorical but rather apt way of describing these rival power bases, the one of the Northeast and the other of the Southern Rim, as the *yankees* and the *cowboys*. Taken loosely, that is meant to suggest the traditional, staid, oldtime, button-down, Ivy-League, tight-lipped, patrician, New England-rooted WASP culture on the one hand, and the aggressive, flamboyant, restless, swaggering, newfangled, open-collar, can-do, Southern-rooted Baptist culture of the Southern Rim on the other; on the one hand, let us say, the type represented by David Rockefeller, Charles Percy, Edmund Muskie, James Reston, Kingman Brewster, John Lindsay, Richard Lugar, Henry Ford, Sol Linowitz, Bill Buckley, and Stephen Sondheim, and on the other the type personified by Bebe Rebozo, George Wallace, Lyndon Johnson, Billy Graham, Frank Irwin, C. Arnholt Smith, H. L. Hunt, Strom Thurmond, Sam Yorty, John Wayne, and Johnny Cash.

The terms are meant only in the loosest and most symbolic way, of course—flamboyant operators can be found in the Northeast, staid blue-bloods in the Southern Rim—but it is interesting that they even have an appropriate heritage in this very context. "Cowboy" was the epithet used by the Wall Street people who first ran up against some of the newly powerful Texas entrepreneurs, broad-rimmed hats and tooled-leather boots and all, when they started throwing their weight around in Eastern financial circles in the late 1950s and early 1960s —during the fierce battle, for example, between the Texas millionaires Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson and Pennsylvania's patrician Allen Kirby for control of the Allegheny Corporation and the New York Central Railroad in 1961. "Yankee," the invective which goes back to the days of the Civil War to describe Northerners in general, was naturally the word with which the newcomers responded, at least back home in the boardrooms and bars.

Slowly these words began to have a kind of currency, in financial circles at any rate, and then during the 1960s they came to be used by the New Left—particularly by the theoretician Carl Oglesby—in its attempt to understand and describe the workings of the "power structure" of America. From these they moved gradually into academic and journalistic circles—economist Kenneth Boulding, for example, used "the cowboy economy" to describe the period of rapacious growth after World War II, political writer Milton Viorst analyzed the Northeast as "the Yankee's America," scholar William Domhoff described a "Jewish-Cowboy" financial group behind the Democratic party. It is doubtful if Richard Nixon ever thought of the world in precisely these terms, as ably as they would have served him, but it just may be that his successor does: shortly after becoming President, Gerald Ford announced that, in settling the economic problems of America, he was not going to "act in cowboy fashion."

Let those simple terms, then, stand for the complicated process that Richard Nixon barely conceptualized that mid-March day in the Oval Office. What he was groping toward, what those labels help to delineate, is the development of a cowboy power which has risen to rival the established power, the creation of a new cowboy counterforce to contend with the old yankee hegemony—in short, *the cowboy challenge.*

This fact is of historic proportions. There have been only four major power shifts in U.S. history: the first with the consolidation of federal control at the turn of the eighteenth century, the second with the introducion of Jacksonian democracy in the early nineteenth century, the third with the expansion of Northern industrialism after the Civil War, and the fourth with the establishment of Rooseveltian welfarism in the 1930s. The rise of the Southern Rim marks a fifth.

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RECONSIDERING POLYGAMY

EUGENE HILLMAN

Is our theology of marriage Catholic or ethnocentric?

The cultural-progress hypothesis, so dear to many Western intellectuals even today, and still pervasive in popular Western thinking, provides the ultimate "rational" argument against all distinctively non-Western forms and conceptions of marriage almost any time these are discussed by Christian theologians and churchmen. The question of customary polygamy and church discipline, a recurring topic of debate in the Christian communities of Africa, is a timely example of this much wider problem of ethnocentric theologizing. With a view to illustrating this wider problem, and suggesting at the same time the need for a more catholic approach to the theology of marriage, the focus of attention here is upon the common form of plural marriage still widely practiced among most of the peoples in Africa south of the Sahara: simultaneous polygamy.

According to the cultural-progress hypothesis the Western experience, especially the socio-psychological experience of the past one hundred years, is taken as normative for the whole of humanity. It is supposed, and this supposition is not always and only tacit, that Western peoples are superior (higher, more civilized, more mature, more human, further from primitive mankind) in the realm of social behavior as well as in technology and mercantilism; and that non-Western peoples are progressive (civilized, mature, human, etc.) to the extent that they approximate Western ways and values. A sample of this kind of thinking is provided by Vittorio Bartoccetti, sometime Secretary of the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Signature in the Roman Curia in the *Dictionary of Moral Theology*: "Monogamy is an accepted principle in the civil codes of the more progressive nations."

Popular Western psychology lends support to this view from the top of an imaginary ladder of progress. Thus, for example, in *Learning to Love*, Marc Oraison confidently assures us that "the practice of polygamy in a society is always a sign of psychological immaturity. . . ." Ignace Lepp confirms this in a very revealing passage in *Psychology of Loving*:

> Erotic love establishes a direct bond between two persons. They give themselves to each other totally. It is difficult therefore for the majority of men, and psychologically impossible for most women, to love several persons simultaneously. Polygamy and polyandry are conceivable only within human groups in which sexual possession is not yet intrinsically linked to love. There was no need for a law to require the civilized Moslems of North Africa, Egypt and elsewhere to renounce polygamy. It passed away of its own accord as soon as their psychological maturity had attained to a sufficiently high level for them to look not only for the pleasure of the senses from a woman but also, and primarily, for spiritual communion with her.

The same Western philosophical and emotional presuppositions, concerning the nature of personhood and the psychology of love, are reflected also in Bernard Häring's earlier writings, especially in the reasons he educes for the inappropriateness of polygamy in *Marriage in the Modern World*:

> Sexual love between man and woman, if it is in the fullest sense human and in accord with human dignity, tends of its inner nature to exclusiveness. . . The love of spouses is naturally so exclusive that it can only exist in absolute honesty if both partners give themselves to one another, wholly and unconditionally. To put it in other words, simultaneous or consecutive polygamy may be marriage-like unions, but in no sense are they valid realizations of conjugal love.

From this highly individualistic and typically Western conception of love it follows that "a society which accepts polygamy as normal is . . . on a lower plane than one which outlaws it." Is this an *ad hominem* type of apologetics? Even the most obvious objection to this culturally conditioned notion of conjugal love is apt to be anticipated with a confident show of logic. Thus, for example, Otto Piper tells us that in *The Biblical View of Sex and Marriage*:

> The fact that some people are able to love more than one person at the same time does not prove that polygamy is as valuable as monogamy but that love can become shallow.

Must we conclude therefore that the marriage union

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of Elkanah and Hannah, or the union of Jacob and Rachel, was less than valid, not in accord with human dignity, and a manifestation of shallow love? Not if we look at the nature of marriage and the significance of cultural differences in the light of contemporary anthropology. Not if we have abandoned the classicist view that one culture only, that of Western man, is universally normative for all men. Marriage, after all, is not a Western invention nor was monogamy a Christian innovation; both were already there in pre-Christian Greco-Roman culture, and polygamy was already forbidden for a Roman citizen, before the advent of Christ. Marriage, as a pre-Christian social institution, is also experienced in a great variety of forms throughout the non-Western world where most humans live, and where therefore most of the world's marriages are experienced in their respective non-Western forms and structures. Has Christian theology nothing to learn from this vast human experience?

The Norm?

Once we recognize that these non-Western cultural patterns are not less valid than our Western patterns, then we are hard put to prove that the Western conception of marriage, although profoundly influenced by the leaven of the gospel and canonized by the church in the West, must be taken as the universally absolute ideal or norm for Christians everywhere. "Similar rules for marriage and family in one case generate bliss and in another misery," says Bernard Lonergan who further elaborates the point in these words in *Method in Theology*:

> The family, the state, the law, the economy are not fixed and immutable entities. They adapt to changing circumstances; they can be reconceived in the light of new ideas; they can be subjected to revolutionary change. But all such change involves change of meaning—a change of idea or concept, a change of judgment or evaluation, a change of order or request.

If the historicity and the cultural embeddedness of man is constitutive of human nature, then theologians must make allowances not only for vast changes, but also for great diversity, in the conceptualization and structuring of marriage and family life. Our theology, in other words, must recognize the necessity and the validity of the varied historico-cultural ways of human existence. This contemporary understanding of human nature, with particular reference to the variations in the man-woman relationship, is set forth by Josef Fuchs in "Theology of the Meaning of Marriage Today," in *Marriage in the Light of Vatican II*, edited by James T. McHugh.

> . . . In different conditions of man and woman, including social conditions, different principles have to be applied. For instance, there are continuous changes in the world of man in regard to the concept of woman's role in society, changes that reflect a different estimation of the relationship between man and woman.
>
> Likewise, social conditions might legitimate a certain way of choosing a marriage partner in certain periods or countries; whereas other social conditions would not so easily allow for the same way of choosing a partner at other times or in other conditions.
>
> Perhaps for many questions there could be, theoretically, an ideal solution. But this ideal solution could be applied to ideal conditions only when they are actualities in a certain time or a certain culture. And if these particular conditions are not realized, then neither could this ideal solution be realized.

For complex socio-economic and historico-cultural reasons in this or that particular society, polygamy may happen to be the marriage structure which best safeguards the basic values in the human sexual relationship. This is very apt to be the case where the man's role is that of patriarch, *pater familias*, father-leader of an extended family, where he tends to marry later in life, where the woman is in need of protection from an early age, and where the only available protection is marriage into a plural family unit—or at least where the plural family unit offers the best opportunities for a secure and dignified existence, and where all women are expected to find their fulfillment in marriage.

In such a situation must a missionary tell polygamist husbands that, if they wish to become Christians, they must first divorce the mothers of their own children? And what compassionate pastoral procedures do we have when, in these societies, Christians subsequently enter into plural marriages? Surely it is still an open question, deserving far more attention than it has so far been given by theologians: whether the marriage institution, canonized by the church, is in fact only a product of the Western historico-cultural experience, and not therefore a universally normative ideal to which the marriages of all non-Western Christians must conform. In the concrete terms used by Fuchs, the question is "whether marriage is to be understood and lived according to the Congolese or Western European style."

It is by no means self-evident that the contemporary Western conception of conjugal love, at least as it is often idealized in relative isolation from the larger communities of kinship, is higher and more fully human than the broader conception of conjugal love in polygamous families. Indeed, there is some evidence to sug- that family life in the Western world is deteriorating today precisely because of this late Western idea that marriage is based primarily upon a mutually fulfilling inter-personal relationship which is totally self-giving

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and exclusive. While such love may be a desirable fruit of marriage, it is surely too fragile a hope to serve as the only foundation for the stability of marriage. Still, it is quite natural that Western thinkers should have worked out, on the basis of their own culturally conditioned psychology of love, a philosophical proof that monogamy is the ideal form of marriage. For them, because of their culture, it is the ideal. At the same time there are also many other peoples who are no less convinced, because of their different experience and mythology, that polygamy is the ideal.

One's conception of the ideal marriage is determined by the values that are emphasized in one's own culture. Where procreation is no longer the primary purpose of marriage, because of changed economic conditions and the lower mortality rate among children, greater emphasis may be given to the purpose of mutual love between husband and wife; so much so that this love aspect may even become detached from the family-making aspect of marriage. The exclusive love union of two partners, with little or no reference to offspring or to the kinship bonds established through marriage, occurs only in, and perhaps only as a concomitant of, certain well known socio-economic conditions in modern industrial-consumer-mercantile societies.

Under vastly different conditions in some other societies polygamy makes sense, especially where the idea of marriage is almost interchangeable with the idea of the extended family, and where a strong sense of community is all-pervading. In a society which has no place for unmarried women, where marriage alone offers women the security and dignity required for their normal self-realization, and where economic forces prevent men from marrying at an early age, polygamy is apt to be both a social necessity and a positive cultural value. In such a society the right that every woman has to marriage, and the society's need for legitimate progeny, is actually well served by the system of polygamy; hence the system is widely supported and encouraged by women themselves.

Do the mass of African women accept polygamy as an ideal form of marriage, simply because they do not know any better? Are they so dull that they do not know what is good for them? Perhaps this is another case of an oppressed group having internalized the consciousness of the superordinate group, in the same way that many slaves in former times acquiesced in their condition and served their masters with genuine loyalty. If such is the case, then a minority of African women, especially those who have become "Westernized" through schools and churches, would seem to be in the vanguard of African womanhood "come of age." Again: the movement from immaturity to maturity, backwardness to advancement, by imitating Western social behavior! This would certainly be the view of many older missionaries and even of older African Christians. But a hypothesis is not verified simply by affirming that it is so. Indeed, this very hypothesis seems to be established by projecting the attitudes and values of one group upon another group whose experience has given them some very different attitudes and values. Are the needs and interests, hence the attitudes and values, of both groups the same: the minority who have been "Westernized," and the masses who have not? May we assume, anyway, that the attitudes and values of the African masses in the future will be identical with the attitudes and values of a present-day minority?

The nature of man, and also his sense of human dignity, is reflected in the institution of marriage. But the nature of man is not merely biological and psychological; it is also historical and therefore always being reshaped and conditioned by changing and differing socio-economic situations. What is normal behavior among one people may be abnormal among another people. But this does not mean that the ways of one of these peoples are less human than the ways of the other. "It is evident," as Leonhard Weber says, in *On Marriage, Sex and Virginity*, "that economic revolutions are closely bound up with social changes within marriage and that they often determine the actual form of marriage to a greater extent than ethical and religious considerations. . . . The axiom *'primum vivere, deinde philosophari'* is clearly applicable here." What many of our Western theologians and churchmen have not yet fully recognized is that "in mankind as a whole there must be many different, complementary, and reciprocally stimulating expressions of married life."

JACK LINDEMAN

INERTIA

My grievance grows,
birds falling like rain,
something happening
that will not happen,
for the sky
being heavy upon fragile wishes
breeds infinite cracks
in the slate of plans.
I could go here,
go there,
but finding this threat
of fragments
is already like a blueprint
of undecipherable zigzags,
I resign myself
to a monotony of eyeballs
staring indifferently
towards the continent of a cloud.

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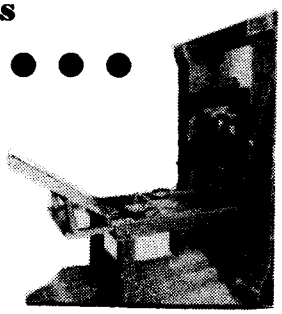
STOP THE PRESSES

PRESS



Fact: One of the inmates of the Sacramento County jail is a 27-year-old woman with red hair and some strange friends, named Lynette Fromme. Everyone knows who *she* is.

Fact: Sometime within the next year Miss Fromme will go on trial in federal court for allegedly pointing a .45 caliber pistol at President Ford last September 5. Her legal guilt or innocence will be determined by a jury of 12 men or women. No one yet knows who *they* are.

Fact: On October 16, Federal Judge Thomas J. MacBride issued a court order barring the showing of a film called *Manson* in 26 of California's 58 counties. One scene in the film shows Miss Fromme holding a rifle and saying: "You have to make love with it. You have to know every part of it so that you could pick it up any second and shoot." Judge MacBride apparently felt that the movie might prejudice a potential juror against Miss Fromme and thus violate her Sixth Amendment right to a fair trial. But since he doesn't know who the jurors are going to be he decided not to let *anyone* see it.

Question: Is this a good idea?

At first glance Judge MacBride's order would seem to be absurd: the First Amendment (i.e., free press) rights of perhaps millions of people have been abridged in order to protect the right to a fair trial of one woman. Admittedly the one woman has a lot more at stake than the millions of potential *Manson*-goers, most of whom would probably stay at home and watch television anyway. But of course it is not the present instance which is alarming, but the precedent it sets. We are, in short, once again at the top of a slippery slope. No one can say for sure what's at the bottom but from here it looks like Free Press wrapped around a tree.

The barring of *Manson* is only a recent and particularly egregious example of a growing tendency on the part of judges to limit the rights of reporters in the name of the Sixth Amendment. The Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press says that nearly a hundred such "gag" orders have been issued during the last few years and the problem has become so acute that the American Bar Association has created a special Legal Advisory Committee on Fair Trial and Free Press to write guidelines which the ABA hopes will soften the collision. At the moment compromise does not seem likely. One proposal by the committee would justify a court in limiting the rights of reporters—and now, presumably, of filmmakers as well—if what they write (or screen) poses a "reasonable likelihood of prejudicing" some defendant's right to a fair trial. This amounts to a blanket confirmation of what many judges have already done, and what they have done is very extensive indeed.

In one rape-murder case in Louisiana last year a judge not only barred reporters from writing about what went on during a pretrial hearing, but ordered local newspapers not to print news in a long list of other categories as well—interviews with witnesses, for example, or the criminal records of the two defendants unless those records were presented to the jury. In effect, the judge took the rules of evidence, normally limited to the courtroom, and extended them to all of New Orleans. Today New Orleans, or California: tomorrow the world.

The presumption in such an order is so breathtaking it is hard to know where to attack it first. Everyone, I take it, is in favor of granting defendants a fair trial, free of hearsay, innuendo, popular passion or appeals to prejudice, but a trial is a narrow proceeding, properly concerned with the question of *legal* guilt or innocence. The rest of us are, or by rights ought to be, free to make up our minds as we see fit. I am thinking not only of man's sacred right to be wrong-headed and perverse, but of the larger questions of truth and justice. The fact that a defendant is freed does not mean he did not commit the crime with which he was charged. Perhaps the prosecutor bungled the case. Perhaps the jury was softhearted. Perhaps the critical evidence was inadmissible for some reason. We are obliged to accept the verdict only as being legally proper, not as representing the truth, and we ought not to be starved of information for the convenience of the court.

The best argument against gag orders is the First Amendment. The press—which includes you and me, if we can get hold of a mimeograph machine—have a right to print what we please. Period. For some reason that defense never seems to be sufficient, however, and other arguments are necessary to defend our freedom as not only constitutionally protected, but wise and desirable in the present instance. In the case of gag orders it seems to me there are at least five such arguments:

— There is more than one way to skin a cat. If jurors must be shielded from inadmissible evidence printed in newspapers, it is far easier to sequester the jury than it is to sequester the whole society. In the latter case the rights of thousands or millions of people are abridged, in the former the rights of only the jury.

— The right to a fair trial includes the right to a public trial. Once trials are effectively shielded from

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public scrutiny abuses will inevitably follow. The best defense against judicial tyranny is the judge's knowledge that the world is watching, and even that does not always work. To sacrifice a trial's public nature in order to control the evidence which a jury may consider does as much damage to fairness as it protects. In short, there is no net gain.

— The jury system does not really depend on the controlled ignorance of the jurors, but on their honor. They have a moral obligation to judge fairly. They cannot be coerced, tricked, cajoled or frightened into fairness. That comes from the heart. With it, we are as close to a fair trial as we can get. Without it, fairness is impossible. The same goes for judges.

— This way Great Britain lies. There are many admirable things about England—Bass ale, Blackwell's bookstore, the Spear & Jackson tenon saw—but the English are about as committed to freedom of the press as they are to social equality. The Official Secrets Act is rightly notorious but their rules limiting the reporting of trials are equally bad. Once a charge has been brought, the English press is barred from reporting just about anything concerning the case except what takes place in open court. English political scandals can be dampened in a moment by bringing a charge, *any* charge. Can anyone doubt how Watergate would have been affected by such a system? Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, *et al.*, would have been charged with making personal phone calls on government time, pretrial hearings would have been scheduled for 1981, and that would have been that.

— Finally, society's interest in a free press is at least as great as it is in fair trials, and it does not make sense to sacrifice the rights of many to safeguard the rights of the few, even if the injury in the latter case could be demonstrated more forcefully than it has been. The Sixth Amendment, and the legal principles which have grown up around it, are necessary because governments have a tendency to skew the law for their own convenience. Committed to justice and equity in the abstract, they are committed to putting people in jail in the particular, and they are not overnice about how they do it. Hence, constitutional safeguards and the independence of the judiciary.

Truth and Fickleness

But this, of course, is precisely why there is a First Amendment as well. Governments profess wholehearted love of the truth but governments are fickle: when the truth—or someone's version of it—is awkward, governments redefine it as heresy, libel, obscenity, invasion of privacy, trafficking with the enemy, advocacy of violence, conspiracy to cross state lines with intent to incite a riot, or whatever else they think they can get away with at the moment. The First Amendment, like the Sixth, was written by cynical men. They assumed that if a government *could* fix trials or restrain the press for its own reasons, it *would*. I do not see any reason why we should be less cynical than they; far from it.

As always in situations of this sort, the potential injury to society implicit in Judge MacBride's gag order is not the missed opportunity to see a movie about a mass murderer. It is the principle itself, which grants judges a vast power to safeguard a limited right. If a movie maker can be denied the right to show his film in 26 counties, then the *Washington Post* would have been restrained from printing stories which touched on the guilt or innocence of the Watergate burglars. The result of such an energetic guarantee of their right to a fair trial is not hard to imagine: Woodward and Bernstein would have remained on the police beat, Judge John Sirica would have had no reason to question Earl Silbert's conduct of the prosecution, the burglars would have been given one-year suspended sentences, Nixon would be President, and you and I would not know what we know. You and I might survive in a world where such things happened, but the First Amendment would not.

THOMAS POWERS

CINEMA UNBECOMING

THE SCREEN

Conduct Unbecoming is a film about honor that is itself dishonest. It is a film in which collaboration between the filmmaker and playwright becomes a conspiracy against women—the same sort of conspiracy that the Victorian code of officers and gentlemen which the film depicts was. This is not to say that playwright Barry England and director Michael Anderson are not in control of their material. On the contrary, the film, which is adapted from England's stage hit, is very artful at times. But England and Anderson are bullshit artists. Theirs is the kind of artfulness intended to obscure rather than reveal, and art that tries to pass off confusion and deception in place of the ambiguity that genuinely inheres in human experience. The result is a failure not so much of technique as of sensibility. England and Anderson are ultimately hoist on the point they themselves are trying to make about honor.

The film's moment of greatest dishonesty is the one that is supposed to be its characters' moment of truth. This is the scene in which Mrs. Scarlett (Susannah York) has been called to testify at the court-martial of Lt. Millington (James Faulkner). She has accused him of being the man who assaulted her on the night of the

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regimental ball; and now Lt. Drake (Michael York), having been saddled with the onerous duty of defending Millington, is showing such inexcusable bad taste as to take the duty seriously and ask Mrs. Scarlett to be more specific about what happened.

What she reveals is that her molester forced her to crawl about on all fours while he went after her hindquarters with a saber. This is a sport very popular in the regiment, except that the victim is customarily a stuffed effigy of a pig drawn on wheels through the mess with the regiment's youngbloods in hot pursuit. Mrs. Scarlett becomes so distraught at recounting this incident, quite understandably, that she begins acting the incident out—crawling on all fours before the court as she was made to do that night. When she recovers her composure, she also accuses the entire regiment of being brutes whose sport, way of life and martial ethic have fostered the attack on her.

So saying, she storms out of both the trial and the movie, and hers really should be the last word here because she is obviously right. But England and Anderson have other ideas. Their design all along, it now turns out, has been to make the existence of these men's honor that much more dramatic and emphatic by revealing it in the very midst of the depravity which the attack on Mrs. Scarlett represents. In other words, her dramatic role in the movie, like her function in the male society the movie depicts, is to be the sacrificial goat—the effigy dragged across the proscenium that these men might rehearse their prowess at its expense. Even as she gives her testimony at the trial, there is something disquieting, something inconsonant and contrary, about it. At the moment she is revealing the full extent of her victimization, the distinction between victim and attacker is beginning to blur in the film.

This is true, for one thing, because she is playing both roles herself. Although down on all fours in the position of victim, she is speaking in the words of her attacker, who hissed, "Pig, pig" at her. Repeating his words, her face is so contorted and ugly that it arouses our dislike for her almost as much as for him whom she imitates. Even the angle of the camera, which is pitched very low to the floor, seems to reinforce this contradictory impression. As Mrs. Scarlett, crawling towards us, looms up above the camera, she appears to us more threatening than threatened. Though she is acting out how she was attacked by a man, we feel more as if we are being attacked by her. In point of fact, this is a camera angle we have seen before, when the officers are playing their pig-sticking game one night in the mess. As they finally catch up with the pig that night and have at it with their swords, we see that from the victim's point of view, too. To show us Mrs. Scarlett's re-enactment from the same point of view encourages us to transfer to her now the feelings we had about the officers then, thus confusing the distinction between attacker and victim further still.

As it happens, this shot of Mrs. Scarlett is a kind of transition between the earlier low-angle shot of the officers at play and another low-angle shot of *the* officer —the guilty party, who proves not to be Millington—at work soldiering. This third shot is intended as an apology for the attack on Mrs. Scarlett, and shows the man in question in the field viewing an atrocity committed against a fellow in arms. Though the angle again suggests the victim's point of view, the expression on this man's face, unlike the sneering, vicious expression Mrs. Scarlett wore, is a pitiful, cringing reaction to the atrocity he sees. In the position of attacker, he now becomes the victim instead, his senses assaulted by the sight before him; and so the transformation of guilt to innocence, indictment to exoneration and disgrace to restored honor is complete. Presumably, his having had to witness what one man did to another explains, and excuses, his attack on a woman. Somehow, though, the logic of this explanation escapes me. Or rather, its illogic lies lost beneath the trail of moral red herrings that Anderson's skulking camera has dragged across these people's story.

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WARREN KLIEWER

STANDS FOR:

The actress carries a purse,
Therefore, she's a lady.

A busy cafe?
Set up two chairs and a table.

Change your hat
And you're a new man.

Stipple the flats with a sponge:
Texture!

Change the color of light:
Another time, another place.

A rock on stage means a rock,
Two rocks mean a mountain.

The audience's eyes stop at the proscenium arch,
The outline of all they'll ever know.

The arch stands for limit.
Let them guess at what the rest means,
This movement in the shadows,
The mystery.

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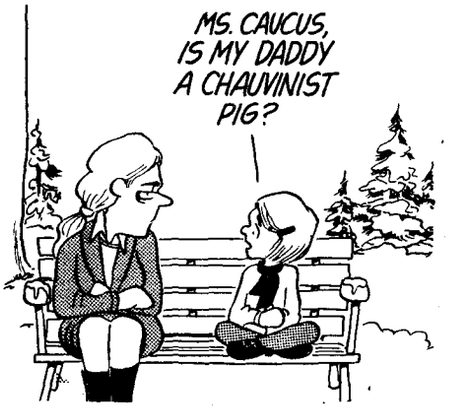
FEMINIZING CHILDREN'S BOOKS

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES



From "Joanie," a Doonesbury Book by G. B. Trudeau; Alligator, Sheed and Ward

THIS International Women's Year. how are girls and women faring in books for children?

Women's Lib has resulted in a real effort to avoid sexist stereotypes. Alas, the need still exists. Take this year's *The Maggie B.* by Irene Haas (Atheneum. $7.95. 4-8.), in which a small girl dreams of going to sea and gets her wish. What does her "bold, free life" consist of? Continual cooking, dishwashing, sweeping, and minding baby brother!

Happily, many current children's books do a fine job of presenting appealing liberated females and the "new" life-style.

The Terrible Thing That Happened At Our House by Marge Blane, with hilarious illustrations by John Walker (Parents'. $7.95. 5-8.) takes a wry look at home life when mother goes off to work. Father is happy in his new role; it's the kids that balk. But when they help out, all ends well, and there's a new family closeness. Responsibilities for the kids, the need for mother to have an identity of her own, and the possibility of various lifestyles for boys too, is subtheme of *The Meat in the Sandwich* by Alice Bach (Harper. $5.95. 9-12.), a brisk, witty, home-school story of hockey-crazy Mike.

Nobody's Family Is Going to Change by Louise Fitzhugh (Farrar. $6.95. 9-12). is a brilliant, biting tale of a less adaptable family and a father, furious because his daughter is determined to become a lawyer, and his son a dancer. The girl finds her answer in a sad-wise way.

Back in Abolitionist days, teenage Bernardette of *The Forge and the Forest,* an outstanding novel by Betty Underwood (Houghton. $6.95.), had her problems too, as she strove for an education, independence and acceptance by her guardian, a complex, tragic, romantic man, his marriage made miserable by his earlier chauvinistic mores.

These novels with their many facets and rounded characters have grown, slowly, from experience. They are moving and memorable. Earlier feminist stories were often hurriedly written, contrived, selfconscious, strident and preachy. Humor can often be a better tool for change than sermonizing.

Gently humorous and warmly loving is *Anna Banana* by Rosekrans Hoffman (Knopf. $4.95. 5-8). in which a monkey father, set on having a son, delights in his unexpected daughter. Rollicking in wit and adventure is *Molly Mullett* by Patricia Coombs (Lothrop. $4.95. 6-9.) in which daredevil Molly saves the village from an ogre, after all the men have failed. *Mandy's Grandmother* by Liesel Moak Skorpen, Ill. by Martha Alexander (Dial. $4.95. 4-8.) is upset because Mandy prefers ponies to dolls, but the two learn to love and understand one another.

Only when equality is taken for granted will women be truly equal. A breakthrough book was the recent *My Doctor* by Harlow Rockwell (Macmillan. $4.95. 3-6.) in which the doctor just happened to be a woman. In 1975's very funny picture book *Mary Alice: Operator No. 9* by Jeffrey Blake, Ill. by James Marshall (Little. $5.95.), the boss just happens to be female. In *I Love My Mother* by Paul Zindel, Ill. by John Melo (Harper. $5.95. 4-7.), the small boy's mother teaches him football and judo as a matter of course. In *Z for Zachariah* by Robert C. O'Brien (Atheneum. $6.95. 9-13.), it is a girl, not a boy, who faces the world alone after a nuclear holocaust and has the courage and ingenuity necessary to survive.

There are books telling what jobs women have had and can train for, among them *What Can She Be: A Police Officer* by G. & E. Goldreich, with fine photos of girls working side by side with men. (Lothrop. $4.76. 6-10.); a lively biography of vital *Belva Lockwood* by Mary Virginia Fox (Harcourt. $6.50. 10-15.), the pioneer women lawyer who actually ran for president in 1884; *Hidden Heroines in American History* by Elaine Radau (Messner. Photos. $6.64. 8-12.), colorful working women from Colonial days on; and *Women Who Win* by Francene Sabin (Random. Phots. $3.95. 10-15.), superior profiles of 14 talented, determined sports stars. A science book, *He and She* by S. Carl Hirsch (Lippincott. $7.95. 11-16.) shows that male-female roles are patterned by culture and that a free choice lies ahead.

Before long, there may be no need for special books to build female pride and confidence. The doors are open. It is up to the girls. As *Ludell*'s principal says at graduation in this moving first novel by Brenda Wilkinson (Harper. $5.95. 10-14.) of a black girl growing up and dreaming of a life beyond her little town, and of a career as a writer, "It's your own lil red wagon. You can roll it, pull it, or drag it. You can even stand still—not move it a'tall and go no place at all."

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a freelance writer and children's books editor.*

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A SELECTED LIST

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

PICTURE BOOKS

The Quitting Deal. By Tobi Tobias. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Viking. $5.95. A wry, sympathetic story of human frailty as mother and daughter join forces to quit smoking and thumb sucking. Appealing pictures of contemporary parents.

The Boy Who Was Followed Home. By Margaret Mahy. Ill. by Steven Kellogg. Watts. $3.95. Low-key humor enhances this tale of a "pied-piper" boy, and a witch's topsy-turvy cure.

The Princess and Froggie. By Harve and Kaethe Zemach. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Farrar. $5.95. Four endearing little stories about friend Froggie who keeps rescuing a fair princess from trouble.

Strawberry Dress Escape. By Crescent Dragonwagon. (Ellen Zolotow.) Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Scribners. $6.95. Marvelous daydreams of a free rollicking in the sun.

Doctor Shawn. By Petronella Breinburg. Ill. by Erroll Lloyd. Crowell. $5.95. The author of last year's popular *Shawn Goes to School* gives an equally loving picture of black children playing that universally favorite game, doctor.

A Secret for Grandmother's Birthday. By Franz Brandenberg. Ill. by Aliki. Greenwillow. $6.95. The captivating cat kids and their surprise for grandma.

Eat. By Diane Paterson. Dial. $4.95. A few telling words and some hilarious pictures about a girl who claimed she was never hungry.

King Rooster, Queen Hen. By Anita Lobel. Greenwillow. $5.95. Pride takes a fall in this cumulative, comical, beginning-to-read barnyard story.

Four Little Troubles. By James Marshall. Houghton. $3.95. This boxed set of 4 tiny paperbacks, with their rollicking animal characters, is a surefire hit.

Won't you buy him $240 worth of food for $10?

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That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its eighth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as $12 or more in Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your $10 can buy $240 worth of food—enough to feed a family for a month. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

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Becky and the Bear. By Dorothy Van Woerkom. Ill. by Margot Tomes. Putnam. $4.69. In Colonial Maine, spunky Becky ingeniously outwits a bear.

Matt's Mitt. By Marilyn Sachs. Ill. by Hillary Knight. Doubleday. $4.95. A beguiling baseball extravaganza.

Me and Nessie. By Eloise Greenfield Ill. by Moneta Barnett. Crowell. $5.50. A little black girl outgrows her secret friend. Touching and funny.

Easy Reading Stories For 7-10

Top Secret: Alligators! Written and Ill. by Harold Goodwin. Bradbury. $5.95. Alligators in the city's sewers! A slapstick, ecological extravaganza.

The House That Sailed Away. By Pat Hutchins. Ill. by Laurence Hutchins. Greenwillow. $5.95. Absurd adventures of an everyday family with cannibals and pirates. A laughing look at human nature.

New Life: New Room. By June Jordan. Ill. by Ray Cruz. Crowell. $5.95. To their disgust, then delight, 3 children share a room together when baby arrives.

Ramona the Brave. By Beverly Cleary. Ill. by Alan Tiegreen. Morrow. $5.50. Emerging self-knowledge for an independent little girl, prone to both touching and hilarious crises.

The Robot Buddy. By Alfred Slote. Ill by Joel Schick. Lippincott. $4.95. Kidnappers and comradeship in this unusual science-fiction tale.

The Merrymakers. By Yri Suhl. Ill. by Thomas di Grazia. Four Winds. $5.95. When a poor Jewish family shares their meager Sabbath with a wandering merrymaker their life is suddenly enriched.

Folk And Fairy Tales

Hansel and Gretel. By the Brothers Grimm. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Scribner. $6.95. Large, mood-filled paintings, appropriately spooky, woodsy and triumphant.

Snow White. By the Brothers Grimm. Translated by Paul Heins. Atlantic/Little. $6.95. An exquisite, poetic edition with great, glowing paintings. 5-9.

Sedna: An Eskimo Myth. By Beverly B. McDermott. Viking. $5.95. Dreamy wash-paintings distinguish this dramatic tale of a water spirit. 5-8.

The Field of Buttercups. Told and Ill. by Alice Boden. Walck. $6.95. A lilting, sun-filled Irish tale of a frisky leprechaun outwitting a boy. 5-8.

Strega Nona. Retold and Ill. by Tomie de Paola. Prentice. $6.95. A curious boy, a magic pasta pot, and a punishment that fits the crime. 4-8.

The Winter Wife. Retold by Anne Eliot Crompton. Ill. by Robert A. Parker. Atlantic/Little. $6.95. A romantic legend of an Indian hunter and his mysterious winter family. Graceful watercolors. 5-9.

From "When the Wind Stops" (Harper & Row)

The Three Bears and 15 Other Stories. Selected and Ill. by Anne Rockwell. Crowell. $9.95. A treasure trove and Christmas bargain. Spritely pictures. 5-10.

Stories for Ages 9-12

The Garden Is Doing Fine. By Carol Farley. Ill. by Lynn Sweat. Atheneum. $6.95. Carrie is torn with grief and guilt as her vibrant father lies dying, and bewilderment about life. A moving story of love and death that will help other kids facing tragedy.

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To The Green Mountains. By Eleanor Cameron. Dutton. $6.95. Sure to be a Newbery Medal contender; a brilliant picture of small town life, of life's dreams, compromises, and injustices, and a girl's coming of age.

Danny: The Champion of the World. By Roald Dahl. Ill. by Jill Bennett. Knopf. $5.95. A marvelous and sparky dad, a gypsy caravan home, and a most unusual foray into a pheasant-filled forest.

The Figure in the Shadows. By John Bellairs. Ill. by Mercer Mayer. Dial. $5.95. Magic, suspense and humor in this original spine-thrilling tale.

The Borrowed House. By Hilda van Stockum. Farrar. $6.95. Thrills and danger during World War II, as a German girl in occupied Holland hides a Jewish boy in a secret room.

The Luck of Pokey Bloom. By Ellen Conford. Little. $4.95. A humorous picture of family relationships, and a lively heroine whose contest-entering hobby finally pays off.

I Know You Al. By Constance C. Greene. Ill. by Byron Barton. Viking. $5.95. Two loyal girls and their perils as they face adolescence, especially Al whose family life is in flux. Witty, contemporary, and touching.

A Smart Girl Like You. By Stella Pevsner. Seabury. $6.95. A difficult year for Nina, after her parents divorce; a serious yet lighthearted story with good school scenes and talk.

The Dark Didn't Catch Me. By Crystal Thrasher. McElderry/Atheneum. $6.50. A compassionate, rich, unforgettable novel of a family's tragic year in the Indiana hills during the Depression, and the daughter who "finds a path through the dark."

The Grey King. By Susan Cooper. McElderry/Atheneum. $6.95. Lyrical drama and suspense as Will Stanton fulfills his quest in the Welsh mountains.

Home Is Where Your Feet Are Standing. By Patricia Windsor. Harper. $5.95. A highly original, complex, witty, sophisticated story about a boy who fears he's a poltergeist, two bossy sisters, a with-it, single-parent, poet-mother, her beaus, and their suddenly ghost-ridden house. No more clues; read it, you'll never forget it. A piece of true literature!

Teenage Novels

The Hawk That Dare Not Hunt by Day. By Scott O'Dell. Houghton. $6.95. Intrigue, and adventure, and a panorama of 17th century life as a young man befriended by Tyndale smuggles his Bible into England.

Beyond the Mists. By Nathaniel Benchley. Harper. $5.50. A stirring recreation of Viking life and a young Dane who accompanies Ericson to Vinland.

A Stranger Came Ashore. By Mollie Hunter. Harper. $5.95. Laid on a Shetland isle is this romantic, terrifying tale of Robbie and the changeling from the sea.

Who Comes to King's Mountain? By John & Patricia Beatty. Morrow. $5.95. The horrors of war, and of families with split loyalties, as a teenager fights with the Swampfox during the Revolution.

Bert Breen's Barn. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little. $6.95. A pleasingly, old-fashioned story of ambition and self-reliance as a teenage boy gets his dreamed-of barn, and unexpected drama as well.

El Bronx Remembered. By Nicholasa Mohr. Harper. $5.50. Growing up in Puerto Rican New York; warm, wry stories.

May I Cross Your Golden River. By Paige Dixon. Atheneum. $7.95. One will long remember 18-year-old Jordan Phillips, his courage and his love of life, as he slowly dies of Lou Gehrig's disease. This makes one cry, but happy too, because of the humanity and caring of the characters, and the force and honesty of the writing.

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Is That You Miss Blue? By M. E. Kerr. Harper. $6.50. A sharp, poignant, witty story of girls at boarding school, both snobs and rebels, and a remarkable teacher, crucified for her religious ways. Has greater depth and realism than the author's earlier popular novels.

Biography

Where Was Patrick Henry on the 29th of May? Ill. by Margot Tomes. *Why Don't You Get a Horse Sam Adams?* Ill. by Trina S. Hyman. Both by Jean Fritz. (Coward. Each $5.95. 6-10.) Breezy, conversational, humorous stories that make the Revolution and its heroes delightfully alive.

John Reed: Witness to Revolution. By Tamara Hovey. (Crown. $6.95. 12-18.) A brilliant, romantic journalist, author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*, who died tragically young. *Fighting Shirley Chisholm.* By James Haskins. Photos. (Dial. $5.95. 12-18.) Richly detailed portrait of the people's candidate for social change.

Ralph Bunche: UN Peacemaker. By Peggy Mann. Photos. (Coward. $10.95. 12—adult.) The first full biography of a man who won many firsts as a black himself, scholar, statesman, mediator. Intimate and compelling.

The U.S.A. and Other Lands

A Prairie Boy's Summer. Written and Ill. by William Kurelik. (Houghton. $7.95. All ages.) This fond reminiscence of prairie farm life with its magnificent paintings makes a significant contribution to cultural history, and a fine addition to Kurelik's *A Prairie Boy's Winter and Lumberjack. We Rode the Wind. And Let Me Be a Free Man.* Edited by Jane B. Katz. (Lerner. Each $6.95. 11-18. Vivid first-person recollections of 19th century tribal life, and Indian resistance.

The Heritage Sampler: A Book of Colonial Arts and Crafts. By Cheryl G. Hoople. Attractive drawings by Richard Cuffari. (Dial. 6.05. 10-up.) Not only details Colonial home life but tells how to make cornhusk mats etc. *Brave Journey: Launching of the United States.* Compiled by Mildred C. Luckhardt. (Abingdon. $7.95. 8-12.) Appealing stories of the Colonists during the struggle for independence. *Colonists for Sale: The Story of Indentured Servants in America.* By Clifford L. Alderman. (Macmillan. $6.95. 10-16.) A lively piece of research, and a real contribution. *Exploring Black America.* By Marcella Thum. Photos, prints. (Atheneum. $10.15. 10-adult.) An invaluable guide to museums, libraries and sites concerned with black history and culture. *Land of Our Fathers: The Jews of Eastern Europe.* By Milton Meltzer. Photos. (Farrar. $7.95. 12-adult.) A moving, documented narrative that is a work of love. *How Democracy Failed.* By Ellen Switzer. Photos. (Atheneum. $7.50. 12-18.) Revealing interviews with Germans, teenagers when Hitler came to power, about what they thought, and did and didn't do. *On a Tree of Trouble: The Tribes of India In Crisis.* By Beth Roy. Photos. (Farrar. $7.95. 12-18.) A compassionate study of the conflicts and upheaval as India rushes into industrialized life, written with style and relevance for the West.

Nature and Science

Attractive, beginning nature books with handsome photos include: *How Kittens Grow* by Millicent E. Selsam. (Four Winds. $4.95); *A Calf Is Born* by Joanna Cole (Morrow. $4.95); and *Snakes* by Ruth B. Gross. (Four Winds. $6.95.) *Squirrels* by George Laycock (Four Winds. $5.95), an intriguing, chatty survey; *Wild Orphan Babies: Mammals and Birds; Caring for Them and Setting Them Free*, by Dr. William Weber. (Holt. $5.95), is a much needed handbook for foster parents of all ages. *Foxes Three* by Molly and John Burkett (Lippincott. $6.95), details the worries and fun of bringing up 3 play-

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ful cubs. *A Sea of Troubles* by J. J. McCoy, with sensitive drawings by Richard Cuffari (Seabury. $7.95), deplores the decline of the sea and warns of its future management.

In the physical sciences, *Metric The Modern Way to Measure* by Miriam Schlein (Harcourt. $6.95. 8-12), has a pleasing light touch in both text and pictures. *Through Eyes of Wonder* by Ben Bova (Addison. $5.75. 10-16.) shows how science fiction's creativeness helps scientists. *The Planet Girded Suns* by Sylvia Louise Engdahl (Atheneum. $7.50. 12-18.) is a poetic, mixture of science, theology and speculation about life on other planets.

From "My Brother Plays the Clarinet (Walck)

Health and Psychology

Needed and appealing picture books: *I Am Adopted* by Susan Lapsley (Bradbury. $4.95.), and the reassuring introduction to *My Dentist* by Harlow Rockwell. (Greenwillow. $6.59.) Welcome for teenagers: *Fat Free: Common Sense for Young Weight Watchers* by Sara Gilbert (Macmillan. $5.95.) with helpful psychological as well as dietary advice; and *Sex and Sensibility: A New Look at Being a Woman*, by Dr. Elizabeth M. Whelan (McGraw. $6.95.), a frank, full, sensitive account of female sexuality and how to make responsible decisions.

Games, Sports, Crafts

Let's Play Cards by John Belton (Raintree Children's. $4.95.) A much needed, large, handsome book with game instructions for 5-9. *Secret Hiding Places* by Nonny Hogrogrian. (Overlook/Viking. $5.95. 4-9.) Leafy lean-tos etc. Fantastic fun and easy to make. Also try *Easy to Grow Vegetables* by R. Gambino. (Harvey. $4.29. 6-12.)

Good sports biographies include: *Henry Aaron: The Home Run King* by Sam & Beryl Epstein. (Garrard. $3.58. 8-11.); *Queens of the Court* (Tennis) by George Sullivan. (Dodd. $4.98. 9-15.); and *Baseball's Miracle Teams* by John Durant. (Hastings. $7.95. 10-16.) Fine How-To Books: *How to Play Roller Hockey* by Zander Hollander. (Hawthorn. $2.95. 8-13.); *Judo: A Gentle Beginning* by Jeanette Bruce. (Crowell. $5.95. 9-14.); and *The Beginners' Guide to Backpacking* by Richard Lyttle, author also of *A Year in the Minors*. Baseball (Doubleday. 10-18. Each $4.95.)

Recommended for craft addicts: *Ask Any Vegetable; Craft Projects with Gourds, Peanuts and Common Vegetables* lovingly invented by R. E. Eshmeyer. (Prentice. $7.95. All ages.); *Mobiles You Can Make* by Loretta Holz, and *Eskimo Crafts and Their Cultural Backgrounds* by Jeremy Comins. (Both Lothrop. $5.95. 8-14.)

Poetry, Sayings, Literature

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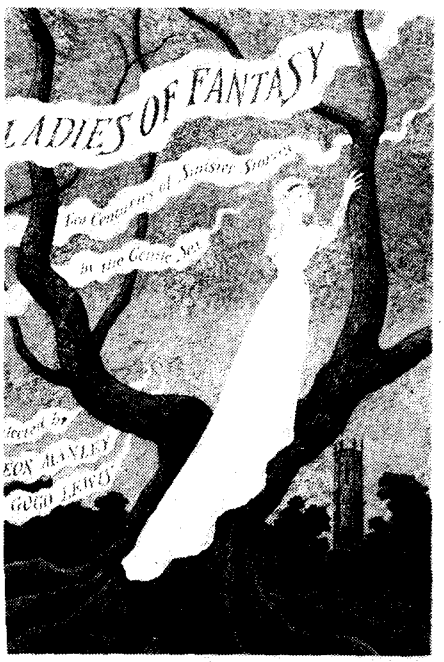

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 547)

munity. In my judgment, they misunderstand the extent and character of the problem. Ralph Keifer prescribes as a remedy a strong dosage of the "normative theology" of John, Paul and Augustine insisting that the diluted modern efforts at liturgy fail to help anyone. Keifer is correct about the often bland, often saccharine, often superficial state of contemporary liturgical reform. He errs, I believe, when he speculates that a liturgy rooted in a theology of "proclaiming the death of the Lord until he comes" or a Johannine theology of "entry into the liturgy of the heavenly court" will provide a universally satisfactory remedy.

I am sympathetic with Keifer's main position: a return to the gospel, a concentration on the truths that set men free should quicken and galvanize a goodly number of inert Christians. I am even more sympathetic with his caution that no amount of ritual can substitute for the rightness of a man's perception and direction. I wish he had "stretched out" his possibilities a little further. Why not say, the gist of the matter is a spirit-filled life. The liturgy, with or without a return to the good tidings of the gospel, may contribute to this spirit-filled life—it may even be its principal stimulus. But it, unfortunately, may not help. Why cling to the liturgy at all costs? Is the problem with the liturgy only a matter of renewed language or of re-educating the people, or of some other yet to be found pastoral objective? Why must the totality of men, even the totality of Christian men, need a liturgy (with all due respects to Professor Pleasants' thoughts on the liturgy as a significant provider of adult filial needs). The liturgy can be a procrustean bed on which some contemporary men can't find rest. Ten years after the document on the liturgy, it seems to this writer, find us still saying too much for too many people. One need not disparage the liturgy by suggesting that it is not everyone's answer to living fully and faithfully in the contemporary world.

JOSEPH W. DREW
Associate Provost,
Rutgers University

Logical Fallacy

Denton, Tex.

To the Editors: I read Jimmye Kimmey's letter of 15 August with great interest. Unfortunately, I think her argument is silly. As far as I can tell, there is a logical fallacy in it—that is, she is generalizing from a part to the whole. The problem seems to lie in the sentence "The sperm and ova of the human are human life; the fertilized ovum is human life." Now we all know that the arm and leg are human parts as well, but neither they, nor the sperm or the egg are human beings. They are parts of human beings. You can't transfer treatment of parts to treatment of the whole and expect to make sense.

The fertilized egg is a human being, needing only time and care to grow. You could care for a sperm, an egg, an arm, or a leg for 1,000 years and you still would not raise a human being. The personhood of the fetus is no more "a matter of faith" than is the personhood of one who would choose death over life because he or she was not sure just what life was.

LAURA B. KENNELLY

Steinfels (Cont.)

of the prerogative of male needs, of the woman who "asks for it," or of cosmic retribution for undue glamor serve to reinforce and excuse the rapist's act. Policemen and folk wisdom have it that the victim of rape is only a woman who changed her mind or a prostitute who didn't get paid. Freudian

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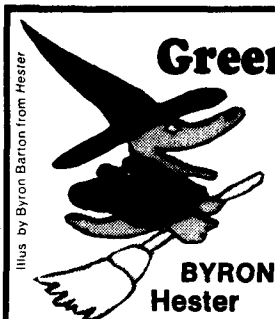

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theorists of masochistic female rape fantasies have hardly been more helpful. No wonder that of all convicted criminals, rapists are the most likely to insist they received a bum rap.

It is always possible that Ms. Brownmiller's evidence will not survive the eventual scrutinizing by specialists in the various branches of history, criminology, sociology, psychology and law where she has had to seek out data. At this point, however, her book convinces me that rape is not as peripheral a phenomenon as I had believed. But that does not mean it is central either. Rape may not be like lightning, virtually a random danger; but it may be like auto accidents, clearly related to the way we organize our society without being an important force in that organization—more of an effect than a cause, except of multiplied instances of suffering, injury, death and heartbreak.

That is not Susan Brownmiller's stopping point. Rape, she writes, "from prehistoric times to the present . . . has played a critical function. It is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men* keep *all women* [the emphasis is the author's] in a state of fear." What are we to make of this claim?

To begin with, it should be said that in all its four hundred and fifty pages of exhausting and painful detail, *Against Our Will* contains not the slightest evidence to support this thesis. On the contrary, chapter after chapter, when they are not documenting how rape is the act of particular men in particular circumstances, demonstrate that women are not the targets of a universal war of intimidation launched by men but the victimized noncombatants in a number of vicious wars—of nations, of classes, of races—*between* men.

It is not surprising therefore that Brownmiller neglects her own thesis for long stretches of the book, yanking it back in the spotlight at the end of a chapter. After thirty-five pages of carefully destroying common myths about "The Police-Blotter Rapists," for example, the author spins out her own:

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the rapist carries out "an historic mission: the perpetuation of male domination over women by force." Rapists "function as anonymous agents of terror." "A world without rapists would be a world in which women moved freely without fear of men. That *some* men rape provides a sufficient threat to keep all women in a constant state of intimidation. . . ."

I suspect these statements are demonstrably false. Women in a world without rapists would still have much to fear, just as men, who by and large live in a world without rapists, have much to fear. As for the "fact" that *all* women are in a *constant* state of intimidation, one can derive it only by a doctrinaire act of definition, the way the Freudian theorists whom Brownmiller criticizes arrive at the "fact" that all women instinctively enjoy unconscious rape fantasies.

In any case, these statements are at least demonstrably unproven. Which raises two questions. Why did the author make them? Why did reviewers not only tolerate but welcome them?

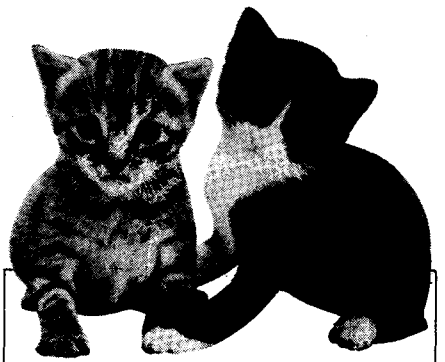
The first question is especially puzzling, for one of Ms. Brownmiller's qualities is a skeptical common sense. She strives to rescue her topic from the coils of political ideology: reports of rape are typically seized upon as propaganda in wartime, then blanketly disbelieved afterwards; the facts about interracial rape in America are hopelessly confused by political presuppositions. Nor is she timid about offending liberal ideologies with her law-and-order stance, her opposition to the legalization of prostitution, her desire to ban pornography. Why then should she burden the problem with a new layer of dogmatism?

Part of the answer, I am afraid, is to be found in a constriction of feeling. In this book men appear almost entirely as rapists; unbelieving policemen; mass propagandists who either use rape for political ends, propagate the values which support it, or dismiss its reality; husbands who reject their assaulted wives; patriarchs who must revenge the damaging of their female "property." Ms. Brownmiller confesses that her book represents a conversion from an earlier disinterest in and lack of sympathy for the women who were victims of rape. Perhaps a similar leap of imagination and empathy will overtake her in regard to men who have feared for and suffered with women they love. She may recognize that a dogmatic formula reducing *their* experience to mere concern about "tainted goods" will not suffice, and that to suggest they are secretly complicit with the maraudings of SS troops and Hell's Angels is a cruel insult.

In the meantime, does it all matter? Are these not simply hyperboles operating to catch the attention of reviewers and indeed of potential readers like myself? It does matter, and profoundly. We *can* choose rape as the prism through which to view the relations between men and women. More than that, history is laden with millions of acts of killing, torture, child abuse, enslavement . . . of which rape is but a part. We *can* take them as the fundamental reality in our view of humanity—if we choose. At heart, Man is a killer, or men are rapists.

If we make this choice, the evidence will be there, although the evidence may not demand it. For we will have to set aside all those other millions of acts, some heroic and unforgettable, some daily and taken for granted, of self-sacrifice, of endurance, nurturing, of fidelity, of care for the young, the weak, the vulnerable, which make up the History, and histories, of men *and* women.

The nineteenth century, in the West, was all too prone to think well of itself; the twentieth century, for many good reasons, is all too prone to think ill of itself. Perhaps that is why Ms. Brownmiller, having woven a perfectly taut argument, felt impelled to pull it one notch tighter. Under the strain, I believe, it collapses into falsehood. Perhaps that is also why reviewers are willing to pass lightly over this choice. They are mistaken, because ultimately this choice undercuts the very values Ms. Brownmiller's book is obviously meant to serve, and in so many ways does.



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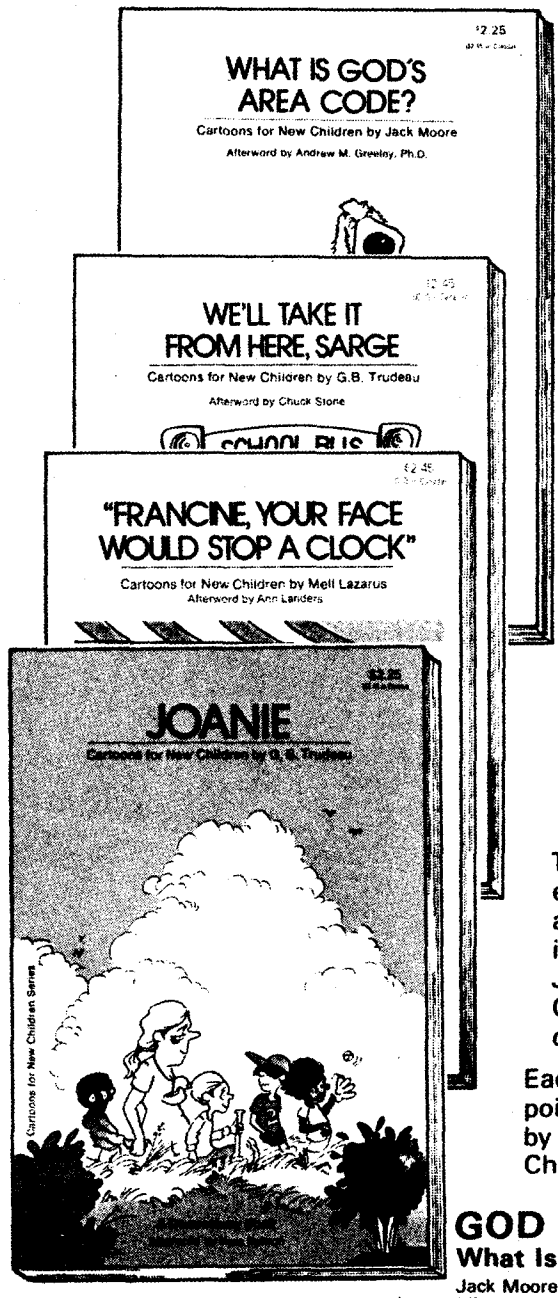
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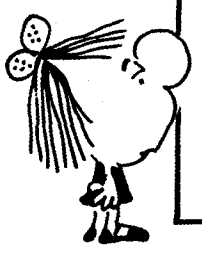

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